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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1936 NUMBER 1124

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The Week

THE strike movement in France passed its peak last week as Premier Blum began to put the People's Front program into effect. He quickly settled the earlier strikes, which seem to have been caused by a fear that he would not act firmly, on a basis so advantageous to the strikers that workers in other industries joined the movement to take advantage of the gains in wages and bargaining agreements. The Canton government of Southern China attempted to gain the assistance of the central Nanking government in a mobilization against Japan, but as Southern troops moved slowly into the central territory, General Chiang Kai-shek, virtual dictator of the Nanking government, refused to coöperate. Civil war in China became a distinct possibility. A sixth battalion of British troops was brought into Jerusalem as the fighting between Arabs and Jews continued, in spite of the imprisonment of many leaders in two British concentration camps. Guerrilla warfare around Addis Ababa persisted in the face of mass executions by the Italian occupants; more than eleven thousand Ethiopian troops are estimated to be still under arms. The British Admiralty had two readjustments to make this week, the first to its new First Lord, Sir Samuel Hoare, and the second to a proposal from Oswald Pirow, Minister of Defense of South Africa, that the "lifeline of the empire" be shifted from the Suez route to the longer but more easily protected Cape route.

THE Republican convention this week at Cleveland was the starting gun for the presidential campaign, which now awaits only the foregone conclusion of the Philadelphia meeting to get into full stride. Congress, all its hopes for early adjournment blasted by the death of Speaker Byrns, recessed until June 15 after the House elected Representative Bankhead the new Speaker. The Senate passed the deficiency bill, carrying $1,425,000,000 for work relief and $300,000,000 for public works, and also the tax bill expected to yield about $669,000,000, which will now go to conference chiefly for adjustment of the corporate-surplus sections. John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization planned the organization of steel following the affiliation with it of steel's Amalgamated Association. William Green, his ultimatum demanding dissolution of the C.I.O. having expired, exchanged several stiff notes with Lewis, who called Green's policy one of "anxious inertia." Thirteen members of the Black Legion were bound over for trial in Michigan circuit court on charges of kidnaping and murder. Governor Futrell of Arkansas freed thirteen Negro strikers, who were held in jail in Crittenden County, on the recommendation of Sam Whitaker, Special Assistant Attorney General, who was assigned to investigate the cotton-choppers' strike by Attorney General Cummings.

LIKE a moldy fashion out of a woman's page of twenty years ago comes the strange jubilation of the National Woman's Party over the Supreme Court's minimum-wage decision. The slogan of the militant feminists has always been that women are in all respects equal to men and must have the same rights and opportunities. This was serviceable enough in winning suffrage, in pressing the causes of women

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who wanted careers, and in many other ways. But it never stopped to question what rights and opportunities men had, and what the real meaning of legal rights was anyway, under a particular social and economic system. A continuation of that deplorable oversight is what now lands these women in the ridiculous posture of rejoicing that the Constitution guarantees to women, as well as to men, the right to work for wages too small to maintain life and less than the value of the services rendered. Women who want equality with men for women as a class are now, for the most part, interested still more in seeing that men and women both have liberties and opportunities that are worthy of the name.

THE hotel and restaurant owners, we feel, are much too modest. It was they who led and financed the fight against New York's minimum-wage law, as a recent letter sent by the Ohio Hotels Association to its members makes clear, but apparently they are taking no credit—at least publicly—for their great victory for the right of little children and women to work for less than a living wage. They are not even holding a Victory Banquet, though their feeling is one of triumph and jubilation. The letter points out, with reference to the New York case and two others still pending against the Ohio minimum-wage law, that "our association not only inspired these cases. It prepared them. . . . It had just about everything it could have to do with them, in effort, time, talent and expense." Now that the New York case is "decided the way we hoped . . . we, naturally, are a bit proud of the part we had in it. The decision helps to confirm that old saying, which seemed to have become somewhat trite and old-fashioned; namely: 'There is some justice.'" Yes, there should be a banquet, the Supreme Court Quins should be the guests of honor and the banquet address should be on the theme that minimum wages are not a matter of national concern. If anyone objects that this would be incongruous when the Ohio Hotels Association fights minimum wages in New York, he should be ruled out of order and unconstitutional.

IN THE confusion of the closing days of a congressional session much meritorious legislation is usually overlooked. One of the pending bills on which all factions in Congress should agree is a proposal which Senator Ashurst, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, had prepared and which, during his absence from Washington, Senator Fletcher, chairman of the Banking Committee, submitted to the Senate. This proposal is an attempt to aid congressional investigating committees, while at the same time promoting the principle of fair play in the conduct of investigations. The bill penalizes anyone who refuses to comply with congressional subpoenas during the preliminary period of an investigation, when the field work is being carried on, prior to the public hearings. It is in this stage that the most effective obstruction can be interposed by anyone who has something to hide. On the other hand, the bill leaves him every protection of due process, greater protection, in fact, than is available to other law-breakers. He gets a hearing before a congressional committee, then the matter goes before a grand jury, then the case is litigated before a trial jury. All three proceedings must result in an adverse decision to the person charged with obstructing a committee's field work before he becomes subject to the penalty. This is now the law with respect to obstructions at public hearings of committees, and the Ashurst-Fletcher proposal would make the same rule applicable throughout the period of a congressional investigation. The bill is a reasonable one. It would do much to clear the air, both for committees and for persons investigated by them.

THE stir being created in the United States by the present campaign of the Buchmanites—or, as Oxford University dislikes to have them called, the "Oxford Movement"—gives renewed evidence both of the prevailing unrest and of the need for psychic security felt by large numbers of people. Religion, cast out in one form, has always come back in another. This one is a species of revivalism, less blatant than the varieties exploited by Billy Sunday and Aimée McPherson, but still quite as irrational. The confession of sin and the communication with God which the Buchmanites emphasize are of course ancient and respectable psychological processes, appearing again and again in the history of men under one type of verbal symbolism or another. But the supposition that this sort of thing is any substitute for rational social action is superstition of the most harmful kind. Nobody has any assurance what a Buchmanite, as a possibly imperfect transmitter of the will of God, may command any of the rest of us unfortunates to do. No matter what kind of inner order any person may have been able to achieve, he still has the obligation to deal with the objective problems of society as a rational and cooperative human being.

MY, MY, what company these shipowners do keep! There is, for instance, "Captain" Charles Y. Sharkey, alias Charles Berger, alias Smith, alias Foster, alias Bakscy, who fled from Carmel, California, recently when news of his activities was about to become public. It seems that Sharkey, who boasted of a ten-year record as spy and *agent provocateur,* set out to prove that "Moscow gold" was being transmitted from the Soviet consul at San Francisco through "certain liberals" in the literary colony at Carmel to the unions in the militant Maritime Federation. To prove this, Sharkey hired not one but two houses in Carmel. In House A he set up a bar and other aids to hospitality—plus a Dictograph. In House B he installed a secretary to write down a shorthand transcript of the dire plots that were certain to be heard over the Dictograph. However, after eight months of trying to flush out

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nonexistent secrets with copious highballs, of making rash remarks in the hope of eliciting even more rash ones, of attempts to plant guns and fake photographs, of all the snide dodges of which the labor spy is capable, the results were precisely nothing. The backers became dissatisfied and the whole scheme blew up. All this would be little more than a rather messy farce, were it not for the nature of the "Captain's" backing and the ideology it reveals. California periodicals are saying openly that Thomas G. Plant, of the Waterfront Employers' Association, contributed many thousands of dollars to the original project and other representatives of big business were sympathetic with the idea. One friend of Sharkey was the head of the local American Legion post; he is said to have tried to get the State Legion to continue financing Sharkey after the shipowners withdrew. These people now stand duped and chagrined because after years of spreading the wheezy myth of "Moscow gold," they were stupid enough to believe their own lie.

APPEARANCE of the first issue of the Consumers' Union Reports marks the inauguration of a valuable low-cost information service for American consumers. This is the service established by Arthur Kallett, D. H. Palmer and others who were formerly associated with Consumers' Research and left that organization in protest against its labor policy and dictatorial control. Consumers' Union is democritically controlled by its own membership and pursues an active pro-labor policy, including reports on which goods are manufactured under union-labor conditions and which are not. The first issue of Consumers' Union Reports surveys various products offered to the American public in such essential commodities as breakfast cereals, stockings, soap, toothbrushes and gasoline, and points out how savings as high as 70 percent may be made by buying brands that offer the greatest per-dollar value. The legend of a widely advertised headache remedy gets a thorough debunking, and laboratory analyses are printed to show that the differences between Grade A and Grade B milk are so slight as to offer virtually no justification for the three-cent differential in price. In many cases a Grade B sample will actually test higher than a Grade A sample, although the cap on the top isn't so fancy. Consumers' Union, which maintains headquarters at 22 East Seventeenth Street in New York City, offers a complete annual service at $3, as well as a limited service, emphasizing low-cost commodities, for $1. Discounts are given to groups, especially trade unions.

WHILE Puerto Rico and Cuba have received much attention from the press lately, another little Caribbean state, Santo Domingo, has been overlooked. Yet according to many observers Cuba in the worst days of Machado was never so terror-ridden as the Dominican Republic is today under the dictatorship of General Trujillo. The General, who became President by the farcical election of 1930, following the revolt that ousted Vasquez, has imposed peace and order by strengthening the army considerably and he has settled a long standing boundary dispute with Haiti. Also he is credited with building a good many roads and bridges. But in the face of the almost complete destruction of the labor movement, the heavy taxation on business, which is not allowed to raise its prices to meet overhead increased by taxes, and the personal control of a large number of industries by the dictator, Santo Domingo cannot be said to have gained from the suffering she has experienced. General Trujillo is reported to hold a monopoly on salt production, to control to a large degree the commerce in cattle, milk and butter, and to be a large stockholder in an insurance company, a tobacco company, and the country's leading shoe factory. It only needs to be added that on every government decree his name is accompanied by the formal title "Benefactor of the Fatherland."

NOW comes Stanford University belatedly accepting a bid to participate in the University of Heidelberg's anniversary celebration. We won't speculate on what David Starr Jordan, that first and long-time president of Stanford who was literally stoned because he dared to denounce war and uphold freedom of thought and speech, would think of this move. Dr. Jordan is dead now, and Stanford is run by President Ray Lyman Wilbur, Trustee Herbert Hoover and their associates. They, along with Harvard, Yale and Columbia, have chosen to bestow their blessing on Herr Hitler's number-one academic exhibit. We should think that even representatives of these institutions would feel a little uncomfortable as the parade of Nazi ju-ju men swarms over an academic rostrum to debauch learning, glorify war and preach the doctrine of purification-by-torture. Enlightened visitors may squirm, but an ancient resident of Heidelberg will both understand and enjoy the proceedings. Do you remember the ape-man, *homo heidelbergensis*, who figured so prominently in the freshman courses in Geology I? That old boy will feel quite at home.

SOME reports from Germany bewilder us to the extent of making us wonder whether Hitler, who claims to be saving Europe from Bolshevism, can be guilty of coöperating in Russian propaganda. Germany needs physicians almost as much as does the Soviet Union today. Yet German-Jewish doctors cannot practise at home, and thus the Nazis afford the Soviet government the handsome gesture of admitting, recently, seventy doctors of whom it is not even required that they shall undertake to become Soviet citizens. There are eighty more visas available as soon as the doctors shall have been selected by the American-Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, which is handling the admissions, and also visas and interneships for fifty medical students who will practise when they have obtained diplomas.

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Special Privilege for All

WHEN ALMOST every pronouncement on national policy is phrased to get votes, it is refreshing to see one that represents the convictions of persons who, according to their own statement, are not "an organized political faction" and "are not seeking to organize such a faction." The signers of this letter to The New York Times are all Democrats each of whom, in his own way, bears some kind of authority and expertness outside his political affiliation. Therefore it is worth a little time to examine the thesis set forth by Messrs. Newton D. Baker, L. W. Douglas and Leo Wolman.

The statement of the grounds on which their view of policy is based is arresting and persuasive. The Republican administrations that preceded the New Deal fostered monopoly and special privilege. This tendency was reactionary and "a departure from the enduring principles of American society." The New Deal is not a reversal of it, but a continuation of it. Without removing the special privileges that have been created or abolishing existing monopoly, it aims to round out the process and create a balance by extending the same protections to those who formerly have not enjoyed them. The writers understand why, if the old privileges are kept, the new ones must be established. But the net result of the policy "can lead only to the progressive impoverishment of the people and the destruction of their liberties."

The "whole array of privileges," say Messrs. Baker, Douglas and Wolman, "is in the last analysis a system for restricting the production of wealth in order to provide monopolistic benefits for favored groups. By means of exclusive tariffs, by means of devices for limiting production and raising prices, the amount of wealth to be distributed is reduced, monopoly is fostered, a premium is put upon the less efficient use of the nation's capital and its labor, a penalty is laid upon the free exchange of the most efficient work. However much particular interests may argue that they have benefited by these privileges, the nation as a whole, we believe, is injured and its people progressively impoverished."

This argument has been implicit in many editorials in The New Republic during the past three years. The A.A.A., we have pointed out, was a necessary balance to the protective tariff and restriction of output by industry. No one who supported the latter practices could logically oppose doing the same thing for the farmer. But both together were undesirable, for they restricted production and therefore moved in the opposite direction from an economy of abundance. Likewise we opposed the output-restricting and price-raising tendencies of N.R.A. codes, which merely legalized and extended practices that already existed in industry and were bad enough in the first place without being given any encouragement by the government.

The authors of the letter go on to point out that the attempt to regulate monopolies demands a strong central government, and when this government is created, it must delegate powers to the members of a large bureaucracy. Such power is beyond the control of the voters or of Congress. Men have not the capacity to exercise such power successfully. The New Republic has likewise explained, though in somewhat different terms, the meager benefits to be expected from a governmental attempt to regulate and police privately owned industry. One set of people trying to prevent another set of people from doing what they want to do; the regulators acting only after the fact, and the regulated having the administrative power in their hands—such a set-up is bound to be clumsy and inefficient.

So far, the point of view of the letter is, we believe, in fundamental accord with the facts. It is something that ought carefully to be considered by all who hope for a better order than we have, or have had for at least a generation. What, then, is the remedy? Messrs. Baker, Douglas and Wolman choose a course that has the merit of being a logical deduction from their premises, and thus is far more worthy of attention than the usual blundering compromises of conservatives. They want to go back to the pre-monopoly, pre-special-privilege era. They want to destroy monopoly, so that the economic order may be regulated, "not by fiat of government, but by genuine free bargains in an open market." Adam Smith's utopia—nothing less ambitious than that—is their goal.

Along with this, they are perfectly logical in demanding the end of delegation of power to appointed officials, the regulation or relief of individuals only by state and local communities, reduction of government spending and a reliance only on direct taxation, and the subjection of government as well as of business to the law (in other words, the maintenance of the existing power of the federal courts to veto acts of Congress and restrain the actions of executives).

The writers of this letter are careful to avoid the inconsistency of many who start with such a fair view. It is customary for conservatives to talk in this way, and then immediately to launch an attack against "labor monopolies" or unemployment relief or other "privileges" of the more unfortunate parts of the community without first abolishing the monopolies and privileges of the owners of industry. But this letter expressly disclaims such a policy. We expect Mr. Newton Baker at once to join the government in defense of the act dissolving utility holding companies, and to volunteer his services in a trust-busting campaign. We expect to hear no more from Mr. Douglas about balancing the budget, and no more from Mr. Wolman about the dangers inherent in government intervention in behalf of labor organization, until the tariff is abolished, all indus-

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tries are small and personally managed by their owners, and prices of steel and building materials are made in markets as free and flexible as those for wheat or cotton.

We have a right, we believe, now to ask the authors of this letter to be as responsible as they ask government to be. Have they studied what would be involved in the remedies they propose? How are existing monopolies to be dissolved and future ones prevented without a much stronger central government than we have ever had, served by an immense army of bureaucratic industrial and financial policemen? Have they accounted for the large area of our price system that is made inflexible by quite other things than monopoly or restraint of trade in the legal sense? What is to be done about these prices, nominally free and competitive, but really administered? How are they going to get sufficient mobility of labor and capital? What are they going to do about monopoly and tariffs in the rest of the world? How are they going to be able to erase knowledge of those techniques that have made large-scale enterprise inevitable? Can they make the labor bargain equal without abolishing unemployment at least? And how are they going to do that, pending the achievement of a goal which means reversing the last hundred years of economic history?

We ask them also whether, if by reason or experience they should become convinced that their remedies are impracticable, they would be ready to accept the other logical deduction from their premises: namely, the establishment of collective ownership of the means of production, so that prices, output, wages and the rest could be directly adjusted to the general interest in expanding production?

Finally, we have a suggestion to make to them. They speak as if the impulse to monopoly had sprung from politicians and had created in the economic world the situation of which they disapprove. And as if all we had to do was to stop government fostering of monopoly. As a matter of fact, does not the chain of causation run the other way? Was it not privilege-seeking wealth that imposed its control on government, and gained the tariff and the rest?

If that is true, the existing political trend cannot be reversed without depriving wealth of its economic power. A monopoly-controlled government cannot destroy monopoly. What other forces have we to rely upon, then, except the very ones of labor and agriculture that the New Deal has tried, often by mistaken methods, to foster? We suggest that Messrs. Baker, Douglas and Wolman study the political effect that the operation of the economic system exerts upon its own destiny. Then they may be ready to recommend a manner of dealing with monopoly, the only practical result of which is not likely to be destruction of the meager privileges of the weak without much injuring the privileges of the strong.

What the French Strike Means

LEON BLUM has won the first important victory of his regime in France, by settling most of the strikes which had involved, during the past fortnight, about one million workers in many of the most important industries. To be sure, the situation is not yet entirely liquidated; the strikers will find it necessary to make contacts with individual employers, in some cases a difficult job. On Monday of this week, 150,000 coal miners walked out, as well as numerous workers in the building trades. Nevertheless, there seems little doubt that the employers, with the threat of legislation hanging over them, will accede to the general terms agreed upon. They constitute a sweeping victory for the workers—and one, it must be added, that remains entirely within the framework of the capitalist system. Wage increases will be given ranging from 7 to 15 percent. The right of unionization and collective bargaining is recognized. The forty-hour week becomes standard, and annual vacations with pay are to be given.

The strike movement started in a munitions plant near Paris a few days before the formation of the new Cabinet and rapidly spread all over the country. The cause of this walkout undoubtedly was dissatisfaction arising from the hardships imposed upon labor by the deflationist policies of the previous governments; yet the similarity of the tactics employed in various localities, the perfect discipline and especially the timing of the strike stressed its political character. Spurred by this expression of the workers' strength and their will to enforce the realization of the Leftist electoral promises, the new government hastened the introduction of a series of bills to grant labor's demands by legislation. Blum at once declared that armed force would not be used to oust the strikers from the factories they occupied. His declaration of policies was approved in the Chamber by 384 to 210 votes.

Granting the extreme importance and urgency of the progressive labor legislation that is now being enacted in France, it must be kept in mind that problems more difficult than this still await Blum's Cabinet. The improvement of workers' living standards is only a small part of the People's Front program. The idea underlying the whole movement is one calling for the speedy enactment of reforms destined to consolidate French democracy and eliminate the threat of fascism. In the minds of many sponsors of the People's Front, these reforms are the first step in a transition toward socialism. From this point of view, the most decisive measures to be carried through at present are the nationalization of the war industries and the Bank of France. Recent European history shows that a nation unwilling to muzzle its munition makers and bankers is finally muzzled by them.

In his ministerial declaration Léon Blum announced his intention of nationalizing the war industries and of reforming the banking system (as a

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preliminary step he nominated a Leftist expert as governor of the Bank of France), but the precise nature of the intended reforms is not as yet revealed. Nor is it clear how his entire program, one that involves vast expenditures for public works, education and social insurance, will be financed. Will it be complete nationalization without compensation, or a more moderate form of state control? Will money be found by some form of devaluation, or by heavy taxation of capital? Communists and Radical Socialists disagree on these questions. If labor maintains its present militant attitude, a radical solution may prevail. At any rate, the political battle will be the most violent around these crucial issues; only after its outcome will it be possible to estimate the full significance of the People's Front victory in France.

Graduates of 1936

ONCE IN every four years, two characteristic expressions of American life coincide. On a thousand college campuses young men and women in the traditional black robes and mortarboards of learning go through the final ceremonies before they are released to the world of adult life; in the same month, every quadrennium, may be witnessed the processes of democracy at work: national political conventions, directed in the main by professionals who try to look like amateurs, choosing presidential candidates who will be as inoffensive as possible to as many people as possible and writing political platforms on the same basis, platforms which in any case will be forgotten three weeks after the election and remembered only when that of the successful party is exhumed by the opposition four years later for the purpose of showing how the public has been betrayed. It is perhaps appropriate that once in four years the new-fledged graduates should have an opportunity, at the earliest possible moment after leaving the academic cloister, of seeing our political democracy at its most pretentious and hypocritical.

It is probably true that the graduates of 1936 are in one sense better prepared to face this spectacle than were their predecessors of the past three or four years. One of the signs that the depression is at least partially and temporarily lifting is the fact that a much larger proportion of young people going out from schools and colleges are now able to find employment. Broadly speaking, it is the graduates of 1931-34 who are the "lost generation" of the depression. Today, the percentage of those who are able to get some sort of work within a reasonable length of time is very nearly back to the normal of the nineteen-twenties.

But this does not mean that the class of 1936 has nothing to worry about. It needs only to take a thoughtful look at the political conventions to realize how far we are from a perfected society. In a world of rapid and profound change, when the existing forms of social control, the existing patterns of behavior, are patently and painfully obsolete, both of the leading political parties are concerned only with the desire to win; the leaders of neither party have given, or will give, any serious thought to the problems by which we are confronted, or will advocate reforms in any degree adequate to the nature and size of those problems.

Every well informed person knows that the optimism now displayed by some of our recent graduates, and many other people, as to the return of prosperity, is ill founded. While times are certainly somewhat better, this is not because we have at last perfected social control of economic processes, but arises from the movement of the business cycle, augumented to some extent by government spending. There is no guarantee that the depression will not return again with full force in the near future; there is every probability, based on past experience, that it will. Neither the Democrats, the Republicans, nor the graduates of 1936 are at present prepared to grapple with this situation.

If we look a little deeper, we see American democratic processes already gravely impaired, and threatened with still more serious alteration, by those forces now abroad in the world which are usually described as fascism and might more accurately be called the dying phase of private capitalism. The tides that flow so strongly in Germany and Italy are also found in every other European country except Soviet Russia, and it would be miraculous if America could avoid them. Whatever the course of our economic welfare during the next few years, these forces are likely to become stronger and more articulate in the United States. The rising generation must conquer them or be conquered; there is no middle way. And finally, these forces throughout the world are leading inevitably to another great war. There is only the barest chance that the United States can avoid being drawn into such a conflict; and in any event such a catastrophe would destroy most of Western civilization.

With what equipment do this year's graduates confront the necessities of the future? There are few thoughtful educators who would fail to admit that it is appallingly inadequate. It is still based, in the main, on the rags and tatters of the education deemed appropriate for the English landed gentry of several centuries ago. Strenuous efforts are being made by the American Fascists and near-Fascists, by W. R. Hearst and his allies, to make this education even worse. These efforts have already been largely successful. Few indeed are the schools whose faculties dare to portray in their classrooms the world as it is, still less, the world as it might be.

We do not know much about the graduates of 1936; but such evidence as is available indicates that they do not differ markedly from their predecessors of the recent past. They are certainly a little more serious in their general outlook than were those who came out of institutions of learning during the Harding-Coolidge era. They are pronouncedly more pacifist, though it is still a question whether

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their anti-war emotion would withstand the sort of propaganda the militarists are able to make before a war or during its course. The number of those who understand the sickness of our society and are prepared to fight for a cure is larger than in the past, but still represents a discouragingly small minority of the total. The political, intellectual and artistic preferences of this year's senior class are startlingly like the same set of choices for the population as a whole. In short, the rising generation is an average set of human beings; and it is the world's tragedy that they seem likely to be called on for a superhuman job.

Who's Splitting the A.F. of L.?

ACCORDING to reports from Washington, the diehard craft unionists who dominate the executive Council of the American Federation of Labor are preparing to suspend, and perhaps expel, the ten unions affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization. The threat, if carried out, would deprive the Federation of more than a million members—roughly one-third of its total strength. President Green and the Executive Council would like to have it believed that this drastic purge is necessary to preserve unity in the labor movement, but the logic of their position is something less than compelling. Certainly the craft unionists have not shown that John L. Lewis and the industrial-union bloc are disrupting the A.F. of L. or that the labor movement will be strengthened by being split in two.

It is undeniable, of course, that the craft unions are losing influence among the millions of unorganized workers in the mass-production industries. But they should place the blame for this, not on the industrial unionists, but on themselves. For they have shown no ability to unite effectively against the employers in modern industry.

Last week the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers turned down the offer of the Executive Council to organize steel on a craft basis and accepted, instead, the offer of the C.I.O. to lead and finance a drive for an industrial union. Similarly, the employees of the United Dry Docks, Inc., decided last week, by a vote of 1,399 to 84, to be represented by the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America (an independent union) rather than by the Marine Trades Council of the A.F. of L. In their curious fashion, the craft leaders viewed these actions as evidence of disloyalty to the A.F. of L., though to the average observer they represented nothing worse than the democratic choice of the steel and shipyard workers for an organization promising them the most help.

In effect, the Executive Council, by its opposition to industrial unionism, is saying that the unorganized workers in steel, radio, rubber, chemicals, etc., shall have no voice in choosing their form of organization. They must accept the crafts or nothing. What this really means, according to Lewis and the C.I.O., is that these workers will not be organized, since the craft unions have made negligible headway in these fields. In "The Case for Industrial Organization," an excellent pamphlet issued by the C.I.O., a comparison is made of the change in membership between 1920 and 1935 of all affiliated unions according to type:

Industrial unions	gained 6 percent
Craft unions	lost 32 percent
Semi-industrial unions that voted for industrial unionism at the 1935 A.F. of L. convention	gained 5 percent
Semi-industrial unions that did not vote for industrial unionism at the 1935 A.F. of L. convention	lost 60 percent
Unions of miscellaneous type	lost 32 percent

Thus it would seem that the Executive Council is planning to amputate the one arm of the Federation that promises most for the future.

The craft unions contend, of course, that their jurisdictional rights will be violated by the spread of industrial unionism. It seems highly improbable, however, that that is the real reason for the present fight. These rights are merely theoretical—they have not been exercised appreciably in the past and it is unlikely that they ever can be exercised effectively. Moreover, John L. Lewis and the industrial-union bloc have repeatedly declared that they have no desire to encroach on fields where the crafts have been successful—the building trades, printing trades, etc. The C.I.O. is interested in promoting the organization of the unorganized. Such organization would supplement, not conflict with, present A.F. of L. activities and would immensely strengthen the labor movement. Accordingly, in their opposition to the C.I.O. the conservative craft leaders reveal a fear that they may eventually be placed in a secondary role in the Federation. They have, of course, the power to remain supreme—by expelling the industrial unions—but they can hardly expect anyone to believe that such action will be in the interest of "unifying" the labor movement.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1936, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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The Diehard Justices[1]

THERE is a certain view of the Supreme Court that, though not exactly the traditional one, can yet hardly be called exactly heterodox—since it has been set forth, at various times, by Presidents Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt. This view is simply that the Supreme Court, being composed of human beings, acts not as a discarnate unit but as a group of different individuals, and that these individuals are subject to all the limitations of time, place, environment, education, personal interest, economic and other bias, from which no men are entirely free. It is insisted that decisions which in the most crucial cases have often been not unanimous, but by 8-to-1, 7-to-2, 6-to-3, or 5-to-4 majorities, cannot possibly be accepted as the indisputable wisdom of a unified Court but must be taken for what they are—the opinions of a larger or smaller majority that may well be less cogent and convincing than those of the minority.

Accepting this approach without further argument, the writer wishes in this and a subsequent article to raise, and if possible to answer, the question: what light, if any, upon the attitudes of the men making up the usual majority in the present Supreme Court is shed by their personal history?

For purposes of convenience, this majority, because of the frequency of the 6-to-3 division, is ordinarily taken as a "conservative majority" of six. Closer analysis shows, however, that the six should be subdivided into the consistently conservative Van Devanter, Sutherland and Butler, and the inconsistently conservative McReynolds, Hughes and Roberts. The inclusion of Mr. Justice McReynolds in the second rather than first triad will be explained in the later article. In this essay I am concerned solely with members of the first group.

Willis Van Devanter, oldest in office of any of the present Justices, was born on April 17, 1859, in Marion, Indiana, where his father, Isaac Van Devanter, was a prosperous attorney. After education at De Pauw University (1875-78) and graduation from the Cincinnati Law School (1881), he practised for three years in his native town, and then, shortly after his marriage and at the age of twenty-five, he moved to Cheyenne in the territory of Wyoming. There he soon entered politics, attaching himself to the fortunes of Francis E. Warren, ranch owner and territorial governor, who later as United States Senator was to be one of the most determined opponents of the meat-inspection bills during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. With Warren's patronage and that of Clarence D. Clark, another prominent territorial politician and man of wealth, Van Devanter's own rise was rapid. He was appointed one of the commissioners to revise the Wyoming statutes in 1886, after he had been but two years in the territory; from 1887 to 1888 he was city attorney of Cheyenne; in the latter year he was elected to the territorial legislature; and when statehood came, he was elected, at the age of thirty, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court.

After holding this office for only a year he resigned in order to become a member of the law firm of Lacey and Van Devanter, which previously, as Corlett, Lacey and Riner, had for many years represented the Union Pacific Railroad as well as a number of the leading lumber and cattle companies in the territory. Lacey and Van Devanter retained the same clientele, acting as attorneys between 1891 and 1895 for the Union Pacific Railroad, the Powder River Cattle Company, the Searight Cattle Company, the Frontier Land and Cattle Company, the Springvale Ditch Company and the Moorcraft Ranch Company.

To understand the significance of these corporation activities it is necessary to remember that in the period immediately preceding statehood, the fraudulent methods of the Union Pacific and the great cattle companies in Wyoming had been the subject of almost continuous investigation by House and Senate committees, by the federal Land Office and by the Pacific Railway Commission. Gustavus Myers, one of the most careful research students who ever delighted in tracking down the crooked ways of capital, cited various government reports on Wyoming in his "History of the Supreme Court" (1912) to the following effect:

> In his exhaustive report for 1885, Commissioner Sparks of the United States General Land Office related how nearly the whole of Wyoming and a large portion of Montana had been fraudulently surveyed, and the lands on the streams fraudulently possessed under the desert land act, to the exclusion of actual settlers. Extensive coal deposits . . . had been seized under color of law by men acting for Jay Gould, controlling the Union Pacific Railroad. The Pacific Railway Commission reported, in 1887, that the Union Pacific Railway Company had fraudulently appropriated coal lands of inestimable value, and that of the vast area of lands which it had grabbed it had sold not less than 7,000,000 acres without any patent from the government.

Van Devanter soon returned to politics, being chairman of the Wyoming Republican State Committee in 1892 and a member for Wyoming on the Republican National Committee in 1896. All Western Republicans who did their part in defeating

[1] This is the first of two articles on the conservative majority of the Supreme Court.—THE EDITORS.

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Bryan that year were peculiarly deserving of reward; Van Devanter received his in 1897 through appointment by President McKinley as Assistant Attorney General assigned to the Interior Department with jurisdiction over public lands.

In 1903 he was appointed judge on the Eighth Judicial Circuit by President Roosevelt on the recommendation of the previously mentioned Senator Warren, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, and Senator Clark, chairman of the Senate Committee on Judiciary. While he was on the Circuit Court his most important decisions were one against the Standard Oil Company, whose dissolution was sought by Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, and two others in favor of the Union Pacific.

On the recommendation of Senator Philander C. Knox, former attorney for the Carnegie Steel Company, Van Devanter was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Taft on December 16, 1910. The appointment was violently criticized by William Jennings Bryan on the score of Van Devanter's partiality for the Union Pacific. "Judge Van Devanter," Bryan said, "is the man who gave a decision giving to the Union Pacific Railroad land along the right of way amounting in value to millions of dollars; he is the judge who held that two railroads running parallel to each other for two thousand miles were not competing lines, one of the roads being the Union Pacific Road."

While Bryan's description omitted the legal technicalities, it will hardly be denied that Van Devanter's years of railroad service peculiarly fitted him to see such technicalities from the railroad's point of view. So it is not surprising to find Mr. Justice Van Devanter concurring in opinions that railroad valuation must emphasize replacement costs rather than capital investments (the celebrated O'Fallon case), that to permit a railroad a return on investment of only 6.26 percent is confiscatory (the Baltimore Railroad case), that the Railroad Retirement Pension Act of 1935 was invalid, and likewise the North Dakota 1936 tax on the Great Northern Railway. And since the railroads certainly seem to be "affected with a public interest" if anything is, such a stanch defense of the railroads *a fortiori* implies a defense of the other forms of private capital. That Mr. Justice Van Devanter has been consistent is seen in his concurrent opinions invalidating the federal gift tax, holding that a state has no right to fix the weight of bread (Burns Baking Company *v.* Bryan, 1924), and virtually outlawing strikes (the leather workers' case, 1924).

George Sutherland was born in Buckinghamshire, England, March 25, 1862, but when fifteen months old was brought to Utah by his father, who followed a variety of trades and professions ending with the law. Beginning where his father left off, George Sutherland, after a law course at the University of Michigan, was admitted to the Utah bar at the age of twenty-one. Never eminent as an attorney, he, like Van Devanter, made his mark in politics, being elected to the first state legislature in 1896 and to the national House of Representatives in 1900. From 1905 to 1917 he was continuously a member of the United States Senate, where he served as one of the raw recruits in the Old Guard during its fight against the progressive measures advocated by La Follette, Beveridge and Dolliver, and later was one of the opponents of the reformist policies of Woodrow Wilson.

His type of mind is adequately illustrated by a speech he delivered in the Senate in July, 1911, on the so-called "Oregon ideas" of the Progressives:

> Within the last few years the United States of America has become the field of operation for an amiable band of insurgent soothsayers, who have been going up and down the land indulging in cabalistic utterances respecting the initiative, referendum and recall and divers and sundry other ingenious devices for realizing the millennium by the ready and simple method of voting it out of its present state of incubation. They direct our attention to the clouds flying above the far western horizon, upon which the flaming finger of the Oregon sun has traced in radiant and opalescent tints glowing pathways, shining minarets, stately temples and castles and palaces, pinnacles of gold and caves of purple. . . .
>
> It is not strange that in the universal fever of haste government itself should be swept by this mad spirit of impatience which has given rise to the new Apostle of Reform, whose demand is that we shall abandon the methodical habits of the past and go careering after novel and untried things.

In the Senate, Sutherland was generally content to follow the guidance of his colleague Reed Smoot, but he did make himself something of an authority on foreign diplomacy and after defeat for reëlection to a third term as Senator he delivered a course of innocuous lectures at Columbia on "Constitutional Power and World Affairs," the basis for a book under that title published by him in 1919.

Always a strict party man in politics, Sutherland shared with Smoot the leadership of the Republican machine in Utah during the first twenty years of the century, he and Smoot being the chief political agents of the beet-sugar industries. A delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1900, 1904, 1908, 1912 and 1916, he was given the main credit for holding Utah in line as one of the two states that voted for Taft in 1912. In 1918, through vigorous campaigning, he was elected to the presidency of the American Bar Association, which is almost as much a political office as any other. In the 1920 presidential campaign he was attached to the personal headquarters of Senator Harding, over whom he retained great influence after the election, being known as "the Colonel House of the Harding administration." And on September 5, 1922, following the resignation of Mr. Justice Clark, he was appointed by Harding to the Supreme Court.

In all the Supreme Court cases mentioned above, with the exception of the leather workers' strike, Mr. Justice Sutherland has stood side by side with Mr. Justice Van Devanter. In fact, he wrote the

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majority opinion in the 1923 decision declaring unconstitutional the federal minimum-wage law, designed to protect women in the District of Columbia from employment at less than a living wage—in which he asserted that the law exacted from the employer "an arbitrary payment for a purpose and upon a basis having no causal connection with his business," namely "the extraneous circumstance that the employee needs to get a prescribed sum of money to insure her subsistence, health and morals." The doctrine of the freedom of business from social responsibility has never been expressed more forcefully.

Pierce Butler, the son of a cultured Irish immigrant from County Wicklow, was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1866. His birthplace was that traditional one of American heroes, a log cabin, which was located on a farm a few miles from Northfield, Minnesota. He obtained a primitive sort of education at a pioneer school five miles away, to which he rode on horseback through a dense forest that was a favorite rendezvous of the Younger Brothers' gang of desperadoes. Growing up to be a raw-boned country lad over six feet tall, with a tremendous jaw, he became one of the best wrestlers on the threshing teams of the neighborhood. After teaching a rural school for a year, he entered Carleton College at the age of seventeen, graduating at twenty-one in 1887, having paid his expenses while in college by rustling milk cans in a dairy. There followed a year's study in a lawyer's office in St. Paul and then admission to the bar in 1888.

In a frontier American community the path of advancement for an ambitious young attorney, whatever his personal attitude, lay in service to the railroads. Like Van Devanter, Butler followed this path. Highly energetic and diligent, he worked up to be general attorney for the St. Paul, Minnesota and Omaha Railway; in 1905 he had his first big case when the firm of How, Butler and Mitchell represented the stockholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad in an unsuccessful suit to prevent the state from lowering passenger and freight rates; during the next decade he appeared frequently as counsel for various railroads in valuation proceedings before the Interstate Commerce Commission. He also did his best as counsel for the Twin City Rapid Transit Company to prevent the municipality from examining corporation accounts that revealed a mysterious fund of $2,049,597 set aside for "extraordinary expenses."

Though much less interested in political office than Van Devanter and Sutherland, Butler ran, as a Democrat, for the state senatorship in 1906. His defeat seems to have cured him of any desire for purely political distinction as well as of any exclusive fondness for the Democratic Party. In 1910, George W. Wickersham, Taft's Attorney General, who showed positive genius in picking out reactionary attorneys to conduct the government's suits against the trusts, obtained the appointment of Butler to assist in the prosecution of the packing industries under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Butler lost the case, although, according to Wickersham, he presented the government's side "as well as it could be." During the same year, Butler acted as counsel for the goverment in its suit under the Pure Food Law against the Lexington Mill and Elevator Company for misbranding and adulteration. The government's case, won in the lower court, was lost in the Circuit Court of Appeals. As a government attorney, Butler had not been singularly successful. In 1920, however, he was appointed by the Dominion of Canada as an arbitration commissioner to fiy the purchase price to be paid the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and in that capacity, in opposition to ex-President Taft, also on the Commission, he was instrumental in saving the Dominion $60,000,000. He also acted satisfactorily for the City of Toronto when it took over the street-car system.

Butler's appointment to the Supreme Court by President Harding on November 23, 1922, to take the place of Mr. Justice William R. Day, started a battle in the Senate that lasted for two months. The opposition to Butler's confirmation was led by Senator Norris of Nebraska and was supported by Senator-elect Shipstead of Minnesota, who declared, "The appointment of Judge Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation would not in our opinion be more unfitting or improper than the appointment of Mr. Butler." The City Council of Butler's own city of Minneapolis sent in a protest against the appointment.

These complaints were based less on Butler's direct activities as a corporation lawyer than on the attitude that he had repeatedly shown as regent of the University of Minnesota. Appointed to that position in 1907 by a Governor whose name he had suggested for the presidency of the United States, Butler had utilized his authority to create an academic reign of terror at the University. Known on the campus as "Fierce Butler," he was referred to privately by President Tolwell as "a huge bully," and was held in no higher estimation by President Northrop. More serious, there were three very ugly cases of faculty dismissal for which Butler was held responsible. Professor John H. Gray, head of the Economics Department, being given a year's leave of absence to work as an adviser to the Interstate Commerce Commision, had the misfortune to oppose Butler's arguments for the high valuation of one of the railroads he was representing; on his return to the University, Professor Gray's resignation was summarily demanded. Dr. William A. Schaper, also in the Economics Department, advocated the municipal ownership of street railways, which Butler also advocated at a distance in Toronto but greatly objected to in Minneapolis, where he represented the street-car companies; Dr. Schaper was dismissed, on a half-hour's notice, during the War, on the specious charge of being pro-German. Dr. Stanley Rypins, a Rhodes scholar, was dismissed just as abruptly on no charges at all, though it was believed that his offense lay in having acted on the Progressive Committee of Forty-eight.

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As against all these facts presented before the Senate Judiciary Committee, the friends of Butler could do little more than cite the testimonial of Attorney General Daugherty: "He is a very high-class man. . . . He is a man of very high character, wonderful experience and good health. His legal learning is complete and his judicial temperament is 100 percent." But the recommendations of a Harding and a Daugherty counted for more with the Senate than the objections of a whole university-ful of professors, and Butler's appointment was confirmed on January 2, 1923, by a vote of 61 to 8.

At the time of his appointment, at the age of fifty-six, he was the youngest member of the Court, but, as had been foreseen, he immediately aligned himself with the ultra-conservatives, Van Devanter and Sutherland. When they have differed, it might seem as if Butler were slightly more individualistic than the others, since he dissented, as they did not, from the validation of wire-tapping by prohibition agents and from the validation of a law for sterilizing the feeble-minded, but on the other hand he also dissented from the majority opinion, written by Mr. Justice Sutherland, in the famous Scottsboro case, he and Mr. Justice McReynolds alone being content to let the Negro boys be hanged on the verdicts rendered in their farcical trials.

The ambiguity of Mr. Justice Butler's position on the question of civil rights brings up a final point that is extremely important. The freedom of contract for which he and his fellow reactionaries have so stoutly stood has nothing in common with the doctrine of free speech so dear to the liberals. The three conservative Justices have been greatly interested in preserving the freedom of private business from government regulation or control, in preserving the supposed natural rights of the business man *as* business man; they have been interested hardly at all in preserving the rights of man as man, in liberty of conscience or in freedom of the mind. In all the espionage, sedition and naturalization cases that arose after the War—the Abrams case, the Philadelphia Tageblatt case, the Pierce case, the Gitlow case, the Gilbert case, the Anita Whitney case, the Rosika Schwimmer case, the Bland-Macintosh case—not once did Justices Van Devanter, Sutherland or Butler raise their voices on behalf of the victim of governmental oppression. They left that dangerous task to others.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Labor Spies and the Black Legion

THE Black Legion murders have exposed the existence of an atavistic Detroit under the smooth, modern hood of the motor metropolis. But the human exhibits lined up in Common Pleas Court for the oathbound murder of a W.P.A. worker declined to look the part of throwbacks. Instead, the row of manacled Black Knights, minus skull-and-crossbones regalia, seemed strikingly familiar as they lounged in the jury box—as if you had seen them somewhere else a little while before, perhaps in the bleachers at Navin Field, where the Tigers play. Excessively typical, if that is possible, the twelve might have been a jury trying Dayton Dean, their compeer, who was on the witness stand, as he reviewed the midnight execution of Charles A. Poole for the ethical deviation of wife-beating. Typical working-class, native Americans, frightened and childlike.

Dean, a pudgy pipe-coverer by day, a degenerated romantic by night with a mania for guns and homicide, discussed in emotionless phrases the last moments of Charles Poole. The Detroit press unanimously dubs him the "trigger man," chief of the "killer band." He behaved more like a small boy who has been called before the faculty for shooting paper wads at teacher. The prosecutor, Duncan C. McCrea, asked Dean what he did after Davis—"Colonel" Harvey Davis yonder in the jury box—stopped upbraiding Poole for his supposed mayhem on Mrs. Poole. Said Dean:

"Well, I—Davis stopped talking—I looked around—I knew I was supposed to shoot him, so I started firing."

The execution of Poole, which awakened Detroit to knowledge that a pathological body of assassins operated just under its day-by-day pattern, was performed as casually as that. Nothing in the witness's tone or demeanor suggested that he understood the unprovoked wantonness of his act. The faces of the twelve reflected no revulsion as Dean's narrative revealed the bald elements of the crime. Like a row of children taken in a trivial fault, they stared reproachfully at the "boy" who was tattling. A row of dreadful children they seemed, too young to realize the enormity of their dream world of guns, dire oaths, midnight powwows and group vengeance.

The defendants, from a beardless youth in the center to two gray-headed men at the ends, had unlined faces. The discipline of thought had not furrowed them. A man on one end nicknamed "the deacon" might have been listening to a hell-and-damnation sermon in a cabin church in Tennessee; at the other extreme, a dark-skinned defendant of sixty-odd, with rapt, deep-set eyes, looked equally capable of playing the fiddle or prophesying for his mountain neighbors. Native-stock Americans from the Midlands, they seemed to be as young as the Detroit in which their fumadiddles came to light.

The city of Detroit was not in the jury box with the Black Knights. It should have been.

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Detroit is a new city. Here the utmost in technology, or applied science, has been put magnificently to work. A city where nothing in sight existed yesterday; the last word among twentieth-century communities, in which, one might suppose, the scientific spirit had swept aside such anachronisms as night riders. Detroit is bounded on the west by Fordissimus—by Ford's Rouge plant, where 70,000 workers quickstep to the cadence of the conveyor belt; by Ford's Greenfield Village, a red-brick Georgian aggregate, nostalgic, ostentatious and out of scale; by Ford's company town, Dearborn, and by Ford's presence as a disguised feudal monarch. Henry the First, radical newspapers call him in token of the absolute power he wields. On the north, Detroit is bounded by the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin's pulpit—a triumph of that other modern engine, the microphone. In between these points of interest, Detroit's million and a half souls go through the gestures of moderns.

Yet this brittle new town harbored the Black Legion. The punishing assembly line left enough vigor in native workers transplanted to Detroit for them to take bullet-sealed oaths, swear a pox on Catholics, Jews, Communists and Negroes, drape themselves in black robes and conduct punitive expeditions at all hours of the night. Moreover, the social climate was so unscientifically intolerant that the Legion—patched together out of the broken Ku Klux Klan—thrived, making converts, until it acquired political power. Until, indeed, unnoticed by the majority of citizens, the courts, the police force, the street-car and lighting services were infected with men vowed to murder—no less.

The truth, it would appear, is that there are at least two Detroits—Fordissimus and night riders, side by side. The marvels of industrial production on one hand; on the other, reactionary night skulkers, carrying on an American tradition running from the Know-Nothings of the 1840's through Knights of the Goldon Circle, barn-burners and whitecaps to the Klan. Two Detroits apparently far apart but not total strangers. At times, as a closer investigation discloses, they meet. They meet at the contact point of labor strife. The night rider, 1936 style, in Ford's Detroit is likely to be a labor spy as well as a Catholic-baiter. The lash that speaks his dark will may as well be hatred of Communists, *i. e.*, union organizers, as distrust of Jews.

A pair of questions troubles any inquirer who looks into the Black Legion phenomenon in the Michigan automobile towns. Who organized and who directs this disciplined body, so secret that its strength is not yet known; so assured that it continues, by informed reports, to grow during the Poole case hullabaloo? That is number one. The leaders of record will not do. Virgil F. (Bert) Effinger, of Lima, Ohio, Dr. William J. (Shotgun) Shepard, of Bellaire, Ohio, and Arthur F. Lupp, the only revealed Michigan "brigadier general," won't answer. They haven't the iron or the intelligence. So rigid, however, is the Legion's obligation that the Detroit authorities still are unaware—or so they profess—of the identity of higher-ups. The second question ties in with the first. How nearly does the Legion's behavior approach fascism?

Henry Ford has acquired fame on two counts at least. In the world at large, he receives credit for making the most profitable use of the assembly line. Labor regards his factory spy system, euphemized under the title Service Department, as the tops. The motor-car industry is open-shop. Other employers do not lag far behind Ford in opposing unionization, by means secret and open. In such a community one naturally would look for a possible link between an anti-social band of night riders and the extensive anti-union forces of dominant employers. Especially as one remembers that the Detroit area lives, breathes and makes motor cars. Economically, Detroit has no other concern.

The link is not concealed.

George Marchuk, treasurer of the Communist Auto Workers' Union, was found murdered in a ditch in Lincoln Park on December 22, 1933. Lincoln Park, a suburb adjoining Dearborn, is predominantly populated with Ford workers and is a one-time Ku Klux stronghold. There is reason to believe that the Legion has enrolled Lincoln Park officials there. In March, 1934, the body of John L. Bielak, a member of the Hudson Motor Company local of the A.F. of L. United Automobile Workers, was discovered by a roadside near Monroe, Michigan. He had been beaten. Under Bielak's head, his assassins significantly had placed a stack of applications from other workers for union membership. Bielak hadn't had a chance to turn them in.

The murders were unsolved. Labor leaders vainly besought action. Evidence was clamorously offered by the Communists in the Marchuk case; offered with no takers. But, as an outgrowth of the Legion inquiry, it appears that both homicides may be traced. The name of Isaac (Peg Leg) White, ex-policeman in Detroit, later a "brigadier general" of the Legion and now living in retirement on a farm near Lansing, Michigan, recurs through the investigations.

White, although he now denies having led the Legion, came into dubious prominence in the months that followed the fatal Ford "hunger march" of March, 1932. The emotional shock administered to Detroit by the death of five hunger marchers, the wounding of others, brought on anti-radical, anti-labor hysteria. White found employment for his talents. A witness before the one-man Grand Jury in Detroit has, or will have by the time this article appears, told the story of White. The ex-policeman was in the employ of the Citizens' Committee at that time, which was nearly four years ago. The Citizens' Committee is the open-shop, vigilante agency of the Detroit Board of Commerce.

According to this witness's testimony, White, in company with two other men, came to his office at the Hudson Motor Company to reveal, gra-

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tuitously, that Bielak and four other men in the paint shop were agitating for the union; were sabotaging the work and were Communists. The witness, a former state leader of the American Legion, was engaged in "service" work for the company. The three visitors disclosed that they belonged to a secret order which had as one of its objectives the suppression of Communists. The witness joined the Legion. He attended a number of meetings, including one at which Lupp was elected to succeed White as "brigadier general." Previously, he had refused an offer to succeed White.

This witness relates White to Bielak's murder. White, as a matter of record, warned Marchuk twice to mind his business and lay off the "union stuff." Bielak, incidentally, was not a Communist.

All this tends to show—a deduction supported by state police—that the brotherhood began its life as a labor-spy organization with skull-and-crossbones trimmings. The Legion continues to figure, by report, in subsequent labor disputes. In the Motor Products strike of last fall, the strike headquarters and the homes of five strikers were bombed with black, smokeless powder—indicating expert work. The United Auto Workers and the Farmer-Labor Party in Detroit attribute the bombings to the Legion. Homer Martin, able, forthright president of the United International, connects the Legion with espionage by the so-called Dawn Patrol, a private detective agency. Upon the basis of his charges, William Green of the A.F. of L. demanded from Attorney General Cummings an investigation into the anti-union aspects of the Legion.

It would be strange indeed if the ramified anti-radical Legion had not impinged somewhere on the network of labor espionage in Detroit. But that is by no means the full answer. Searchers for the fascistic formula in the Legion must find first that the industrialists of Detroit—specifically Ford, General Motors and Chrysler, the "big three"—have consciously backed the movement. An occasional relationship between strike-breaking agencies and Legionnaires is not enough. It is possible that manufacturers, large or small, have paid into the coffers of the Legion. No one in authority seems to know where the money has come from. But, so far as my inquiry goes, the motor magnates have not subsidized the Legion. We shall be clearer on that point if and when the leadership stands exposed.

What then? How does the Legion fit into our preconceptions? Is it merely a survival of the Klan? Michigan, it may be recalled, had the largest Klan membership of any state—875,000. Are these night riders only a cultural reference to the night-riding tradition? Or do we find in Detroit, and Michigan, the sprouts of a new fascistic enterprise that may sweep the country?

The characteristically open behavior of Hitler's and Mussolini's movements is lacking in the Legion. Black Knights are sworn to die before revealing the body's existence. We do have here the catering to innate prejudices, the underdog desire for power, the rallying around a symbol—in the case of the Legion, the bullet. We have a private army, this one, indeed, organized under military terms.

But the Legion has no political program. It does not, as did the European fascists, seek the regeneration of the state and society. Its desires appear to be parochial and selfish—acquiring jobs and police immunity. The Legion has expended itself in antagonism toward Catholics and, as an afterthought, Communists. The energies of the Legion, a reading of the record shows, have been diffused in the punishment of private offenses. Did a father mistreat his family?—the Legion, made up of indifferent husbands and fathers, galloped to the rescue. A Black Knight, in daylight a sober auto worker drained by the ceaseless pull of the "belt," esteemed himself at night the moral governor of the community. Himself petty, he confined himself to the pettiness of personal reform.

I would say, if called upon, that the Black Legion was a sort of depraved Ku Klux Klan. The Poole execution unmasked it prematurely, so far as the Legion's welfare was concerned. One may suppose that the reverberations of that senseless murder caught the Legion in an early stage. If that is the case, the whole American public may be grateful, while extending condolences to the widow.

Life in Detroit, according to competent authority, is empty as a dried gourd for the creatures of the assembly line. Empty and insecure. One feels that about Detroit. It is a city of strangers; two-thirds of the residents came here after 1914. The town is not devoid of ferment. An isolated, beleaguered intellectual minority holds out against the dawn of a better day. The Methodist communion may preen itself on the presence of Bishop Edgar Blake, in the Area chair, and the Reverend Frederick Fisher as pastor of a downtown church. Both hate fascism, war and injustice and make no bones about saying so. Maurice Sugar, another of the elect, polled 55,000 votes—one-third of all cast—when he ran for the City Council as a Farmer-Laborite last year. Mrs. Mary Zuk, in Polish Hamtramck, led the "meat strike" of 1935 and was elected to the City Council. The atomic Communist minority has put up a fight for the unemployed.

But the working-class norm is in too large a part represented by the defendants in the jury box. Typical 100-percenters, they detest alike Communists, liberals and labor organizers as well as Catholics and Jews. Let no one make the mistake of believing that the incarceration of Dean and Davis, the displacing and reprimanding of minor office-holders and the public scorn heaped upon the Black Legion will expunge from this community the backward sentiments dramatized by the Legion. That racial and religious hatred lies ready as an instrument for seizure by able, unscrupulous men who may wish to build popular sanction in this community. The Black Legion is, I should believe, a pre-fascist symptom.

FORREST DAVIS.

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The Farmer-Labor Conference

FOR YEARS a benign phantom has hovered over the American scene, a white hope that has appeared again and again, stirring the imagination of growing millions of Americans through the depression years, and here and there, like the poet's vision, assuming a local habitation and a name—the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Association, the Northwestern Commonwealth Federation, the Wisconsin Progressive movement, the Non-Partisan Labor League, the Epic movement, the Townsend Plan.

Groping, experimenting, daring, the American people are feeling their way toward a solution to the besetting problem of the present generation, the old problem that confronts the world in a more acute form today, perhaps, than ever before: the problem of achieving for all the people a decent livelihood, a reasonable assurance against the hazards of social living, freedom to develop their individual capacities and to enjoy the fruits of the earth which America offers in such abundance. With growing clearness the idea of a third party, a Farmer-Labor party, a party based on the recognition of labor's basic role in producing the nation's wealth, is crystalizing. The first decisive step in the formation of such a party was taken by the conference called by the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Association, held in Chicago May 30 and 31.

To the Roosevelt Room—unpremeditated irony!—of the Morrison Hotel came eighty-five delegates, men and women, from twenty-three states. In pursuance of a decision of the M.F.L.A. in its March 27-28 convention, the call was issued to this small group of "authoritative spokesmen for labor, farmer and progressive organizations" to explore the possibilities of a national Farmer-Labor ticket in 1936, of the promotion of state Farmer-Labor parties, of a concentrated campaign to elect Farmer-Labor congressmen in the 1936 campaign and the building of a national Farmer-Labor party. It was explicitly stated in the call that because of circumstances that have developed, the question of a third-party presidential ticket for 1936 would not be considered. The delegates were chosen as representing a variety of political points of view; they are known to support the idea of a new party in general, but they are also known to have widely diverse views on how and when it should be organized. The conference was specifically called for the purpose of reaching an agreement on these views.

As a whole, the tone and atmosphere, the ideas expressed, the orientation of the discussions, indicated a remarkable cohesiveness in the group. There were pleas for the support of Roosevelt and for the endorsement of the Townsend Plan, attempts on the part of amiable cranks to obtain the adoption of their pet ideas, one lone effort to disrupt the united-front sentiment of the group by attacking the Communists. But the conference moved steadily toward its objective: the setting up of machinery for the creation of a national party.

The first session was devoted to laying the groundwork—exploring the field, defining the objectives, clearing away obstacles, setting up committees. Delegates rose to present the situation in their different states and localities and to express the sentiment in favor of a Farmer-Labor party on behalf of the groups they represented. From the various testimonies emerged a homogeneous picture of the vast economic distress of present-day America and the desperate outlook for the future that either the new or the old deal may hold out. Earl Browder defined the position of the Communist Party:

> We help build the Farmer-Labor Party. We know it is not a revolutionary party. We do not propose to give it a program of revolution, *now or later*. We do not ask it to adopt communist principles. We ask only that it shall not adopt the Hearst anti-Red campaign, which harms the broadest progressive movement more than it does the Communists, and that it allow the Communists to help build the party.

The second session heard and discussed the committees' reports and passed resolutions on the basis of them. The Conference unanimously adopted the six-point resolution presented by the organization committee favoring "the formation of a national party of farmers, labor, liberal middle class and professional and unemployed workers' organizations," the launching of congressional candidacies in the various states and districts where there may be a chance of success in 1936, and setting up a committee composed of a representative group of the M.F.L.A. State Committee and an advisory group of twenty-five, widely representative of the country and of farmer and labor organizations. The Conference also unanimously adopted the program committee's Proposed Platform for a Farmer-Labor Party. This platform appeals for coöperation to "all those who accept its principles and support its program," and states as its main objective that the new Farmer-Labor Party "will aim to rescue government from the privileged few and make it function to provide security for all, by abolishing monopoly in every form, by introducing public ownership of the nation's basic resources, and by inaugurating an economy of abundance through production for use." The platform includes a statement of its specific objectives on the six essential issues before the American people today: social security and relief, labor, farmers, youth, democratic rights and peace.

Representative Marcantonio, pledging his support to the proposed platform, expressed the mood of the Conference when he said, "We are making history today." Loud cheers greeted his challenge: "We must elect a bloc of 50 disciplined Farmer-Labor congressmen in 1936!"

The Farmer-Labor Party is not yet a reality. The calling of a national convention is left to the discretion of the Minnesota committee. But while some deplored the fact that the committee had not definitely been instructed to call a convention within

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a specified period, it was generally felt that the committee would not ignore the clear mandate.

After the first enthusiasm had worn off there emerged a sober realization that the success of the movement must not be jeopardized by wishful thinking, by excessive optimism, by undue haste; that the party must be built from the ground up, that it cannot be imposed upon committees and regions where the basic labor and farmer organizations are as yet not ready for its program. Millions still pin their faith to Roosevelt and regard a vote for Roosevelt as a vote for labor. The delegates recognized that they were a small group, that they could not speak for the majority of the American people, even though they were expressing its still inarticulate and unformulated hopes. But the first step has been taken. And it is a good step.

Chicago. HAAKON M. CHEVALIER.

The Young Man Who Had the Baby

HOWARD WORKS was waiting for word from the nurse. She had told him the baby would be born in an hour or two. He sat in the clean, white reception room of the hospital. He was to become a father, his wife was in labor. She wasn't in much pain and it would be an easy delivery they had told him.

But Howard was worried. A funny feeling of dread and uncertainty went through him as he waited there. The walls of the reception room were so white, they filled him with dread. The awful whiteness, he thought. It's like death, or life. It could be life too.

An hour went by. She must be having the baby now. Things were becoming blank for him. He forgot time, intense as he was, thinking of what was going on in another room not far from where he sat. Then the nurse came in, the bundle in her arms.

"Here is your baby," she said.

"Ah, oh yes, the baby. It's all right? How is, how is my wife? Is she all right? This is my baby? Hum, nice kid."

He wanted to ask her if it was a girl or a boy. He hoped it would be a boy, but as he looked at it, it might be either.

"It's got blue eyes like its father. And say, look at the chin. A cleft chin. Well, it takes, you know. Say, what is it?" he said.

"Oh," the nurse said. "It's a boy."

"I thought so. It takes a man to make a boy. Well, say, that's pretty good. Quite a little cuss, isn't he?"

"You can see your wife," the nurse said.

Howard went in to see her. She looked pale and tired, but she spoke to him and they looked at each other happily.

"He's a boy," she said.

"I know it. Nice kid."

The nurse told him he had better not stay there with her, he had better come back later. She would be feeling better later.

He was happy. He hadn't especially wanted a baby but in the months of his wife's pregnancy he began to look forward with interest to its arrival and began to want it. He felt pretty powerful, being the father of a baby. And he was glad it was a boy. They had a name all picked out for a boy. If it had been a girl they wouldn't have known what to call it. A boy was just what they wanted.

It was early in the morning when the baby was born and Howard had had very little sleep during the night, but he felt fresh and not at all tired. When he left the hospital he went to a bar and had a few beers. He told the few men there that he was the father of a baby. None of them paid much attention to him but they did offer congratulations. That was not enough, they didn't feel the way he wanted them to feel. He was dissatisfied, ordered a whiskey and went out of the place. I've got to celebrate, he thought. I'll get cockeyed drunk and have a good time and celebrate.

He had friends working in a bookshop on Forty-seventh Street. He hopped a cab and went there.

"Well, I'm a father, you are looking at the father of a six-pound boy," he said.

"How's Carolina? Did she have much trouble?"

"No, she's feeling fine. It was an easy birth. Nice boy. Say, it's funny but his chin is just like mine. So are his eyes. Blue eyes. It feels funny to be a father. No, I mean, really now, I don't feel any different than I did before. That's a fact. Except there'll be the bills now. I see my checkbook evaporating. I've got a bill from the hospital now. I'll have my hands full all right."

His friends in the bookshop were glad to hear that she hadn't had much trouble, that it was an easy birth, but they weren't enthusiastic about it. He began to think they didn't understand or feel what he meant. He didn't feel anything special only he wanted some kind of a reaction and didn't get what he wanted.

"Well folks, the father has got to be getting on. I got to get to work," he said.

He went to the newspaper office where he worked. I guess I won't buy any cigars, he thought. But still I ought to. The boys will all think I ought to pass around the weeds. That's a funny thing to do, give cigars. I won't do it. I'll be different.

The reporters in the office heard the news, congratulated him, asked a few questions, repeated a couple of dirty stories they had heard about young fathers and one of them questioned him as to whether he was the father.

"Well," he said. "The kid's got a cleft chin and blue eyes, but just the same, as they say, I've got only my wife's word for it. I guess he is, all right. No, he wasn't red, he was white and not a bad-looking specimen."

The reporters drifted back to their desks. Howard stood there alone. I'm not going to work, he

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thought. I'm going to celebrate. When he thought of celebrating he thought of drinking. He told the city editor he wanted to take the day off.

"That's all right, Works. Go ahead," the city editor said. "When I first had a kid I did it. I took four days off. You better not though. You better be back tomorrow."

"Oh, I'll be back, don't worry. Just stepping out, that's all."

I'll go to the Snybora Club, there'll be some fellows around there. He walked to the club. There were several drunks sitting around. He didn't know them but took a drink, and then to impress them ordered a round of drinks for the house. The men drank and he announced he was a father.

"Fine," one of them said. But they didn't rise to it the way he had hoped. They didn't understand him. I'll go over to Nita's, he told himself. Somebody will be there. I've got to celebrate. All the time Howard was getting tighter.

When he reached Nita's Italian restaurant the place was empty. There usually were newspapermen and bohemians hanging around. Now only Nita was there. This was too much for Howard. God almighty, he said to himself, nothing, nothing. I am a father and everywhere it is nothing. Where in hell are all my friends? Why is everybody buried away and just today? Isn't there somebody somewhere I can talk to? I want to talk to somebody that knows something. I got a son. Hell, I can't celebrate, there's no place to go.

"Say, Nita," he said. "Give me a small beer. I've got to go right out to the hospital. My wife had a baby last night, a boy baby. She's waiting out there. I've got to go."

"Your wife have a baby? That's nice. Boy baby? I get you a beer right away. Small beer you said? Yes?" JOHN HERRMANN.

Song

How but by terror and love
Burst the shell from our eyes,
Rise from the adoring bed,
Thread the black shore, hear far
Behind the Arabian sighs
Of the vast and alluring dead?

How but by fear, more enduring
Than fervor of thought or thighs,
Sweep through the instinct's deep
Languor, learn to abhor
The tender entrancing cries
Of our souls forever asleep?

O prolongation of terror, O love,
Warm agonies of awakening, move
Hours, years, infinities
Of wandering, pity me, O bring
The iron and devastation of
The actual earth, the external seas.

FREDERIC PROKOSCH.

Washington Notes

The C.I.O. as Nucleus of a Third Party—Collapse of the Nazi Boycott—Secretary Hull Meets Economic Warfare

THE CONFERENCE of the Farmer-Labor Association, held ten days ago in Chicago, disappointed the left-wing members of Congress. They allege that the committee in charge of organizing it failed to consult with important left-wing leaders, and made no adequate effort to obtain their presence at Chicago. As a result, they say, only two groups with tangible voting strength were represented at the meeting—the St. Paul-Minneapolis supporters of Governor Olson and the Communist Party. For many months, the left-wingers in Congress had been hoping for a conference organized on a wide basis, at which definite steps would be taken to coördinate the radical movements of the Northwest states. It is now predicted that no such meeting will take place, at least until after the November elections.

All third-party talk in Washington now centers around the probable future course of the Committee on Industrial Organization, and its political counterpart, Labor's Non-Partisan Committee for the Reëlection of Roosevelt in 1936. It used to be considered axiomatic that a third party must be based on the left-wing groups in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the two Dakotas. The C.I.O. now has first place in the plans of all third-party advocates, and the Northwest agrarians are second. Mr. John L. Lewis and Mr. Sidney Hillman have become, in effect, the captains of the left-wing congressional bloc. It is greatly to the left-wingers' credit, I think, that they have acquiesced in the new political importance of Messrs. Lewis and Hillman, and have exhibited a minimum of personal pique.

It is understood that Messrs. Lewis and Hillman believe that their first task is to organize the workers of the steel, automobile, rubber and other mass industries. Only when this is done can political action on a national scale be contemplated. This analysis of the situation is accepted by the left-wing members of Congress. Since the C.I.O.'s chief energies for the next year or two must go into the work of union organization, most left-wingers likewise approve of Messrs. Lewis' and Hillman's decision to support Mr. Roosevelt.

Such dissent as exists—and since it comes from experienced politicians, it is worth repeating—concerns the terms on which the alliance between the C.I.O. and Mr. Roosevelt has been arranged. It is widely believed that Mr. Roosevelt gave the C.I.O. no hard and fast commitments of any sort. Some of the left-wingers think that Messrs. Lewis and Hillman should have tried to obtain a promise from Mr. Roosevelt to declare himself in favor of a constitutional amendment. These left-wingers fully appreciate that the C.I.O. needs a man of Mr. Roosevelt's sympathies in the White House during the next four years. But, they argue, if Messrs. Lewis and Hillman need Mr. Roosevelt, so does he need them. Mr. Lewis' United Mine Workers are strong in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Hillman's Amalgamated Clothing Workers have definite, if lesser, strength in Pennsylvania and New York. These are both critical states, and, in all probability, each will be won or

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lost by a few thousand votes. Consequently—the left-wingers contend—a basis existed for old-time, political horse-trading. It is possible that Messrs. Lewis and Hillman would have failed to extract concessions from Mr. Roosevelt, but, so far as is known, they made no attempt to bargain with him. Mr. Roosevelt is receiving the C.I.O.'s support for nothing, and this offends the political instincts of the more hard-boiled Congress members.

The detailed figures of German-American trade in 1935, which the Department of Commerce will publish in a few weeks, will show a general collapse of the consumers' boycott in this country against Nazi products. Women's gloves, for example, constituted a special object of the boycott, and the Department's figures show that imports of gloves during 1935 were greater than in any year since the depression began. Imports of Nazi Christmas-tree ornaments nearly tripled in value between 1934 and 1935. Musical instruments stand at a new high level for the depression period. The principal consumers' goods to show a decline are furs, china and porcelain tableware, and cutlery and tools. In the case of furs, the decline has apparently been caused not so much by the unwillingness of Americans to buy, as by the disruption of the German fur market by Hitler's persecution of the Jews. Import figures for some of the chief categories of consumers' goods are, in thousands of dollars:

	1934	*1935*
Furs	1,786	1,593
Cotton gloves	4,740	5,427
Artificial flowers	515	601
Bottles and glassware	1,357	1,818
Cutlery and tools	1,082	370
Cameras	640	1,252
Films	164	28
Optical and other scientific apparatus	885	1,194
Musical instruments	1,464	1,794
Toys	385	488

The Department's export figures for airplane engines tell a significant story. In 1932, the year before Hitler became Reichsführer, we exported to Germany airplane engines worth $193,000. In 1933, exports rose to $350,000; in 1934, to $1,762,000. Last year exports dropped back again to $195,000. These figures clearly show that German rearmament must have been decided on almost immediately after Hitler took power; that during 1933 and 1934 the Germans were hastily buying American engines for use in training planes, and perhaps also for the guidance of their military airplane designers; and that by the beginning of 1935—three and a half months before the Germans admitted they were rearming—their airplane program was far enough advanced for them to depend on their own resources.

In the last few weeks there have been reports that the United States and England had, at last, started tariff negotiations. I learn that while it is true there have been a number of meetings between Secretary Hull and Sir Ronald Lindsay, they have been devoted to protests by Mr. Hull against England's apparent intention to conclude new quota agreements with Argentina and Denmark. Through the medium of Sir Ronald, Mr. Hull is supposed to have earnestly implored the Baldwin government to abandon quotas, and to return to the unconditional most-favored-nation principle. According to information reaching Washington, however, there is little chance of England's heeding Mr. Hull's advice; economic warfare in Europe, as a preliminary to real warfare in the future, has now reached a point from which there is slight hope of turning back.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Protecting the Foreign Bondholders—The New Deal Way—What F.D.R. Said —What He Did

I HAVE just been glancing through the report of the Foreign Bondholders' Protective Council, Inc. And it brings back a more or less forgotten episode of the Roosevelt administration. It is one of a great number of such incidents that help to answer the question I am so often asked: "Why are you against President Roosevelt?"

One has but to go back to May, 1933, to recapture something of the hot religious excitement that attended the acts of the President in the field of finance. Senator Hiram Johnson had just shocked the country with his exposure of the shameful record of American bankers in South American financing. Ferdinand Pecora had already brought out some of the operations of the National City Bank in foreign financing, particularly in South America. Americans had lost vast sums in foreign-bond investments sold them by the most highly respected houses in Wall Street.

But there was another aspect of the case. The public was beginning to hear what close observers of Wall Street had known for a long time—namely, of the practices of bondholders' committees and reorganization committees in both corporation and government-bond defaults. When defaults were made, the bankers who had sold the issues to the public rushed in and captured the position of agent for the people to whom they had sold bad bond investments. In more than one case it was shown that this was done either to make another profit or to put them in a position to conceal their own responsibility for the public losses.

Under these circumstances it was recognized that some sort of bondholders' committee or council should be organized which would be completely disassociated from the Wall Street influence that had sold these bonds to the public. What was needed were men who were not only not associated in actual business connections but were not a part of the same little world, the same collection of interwoven financial, professional and social interests.

Senator Johnson got a law passed providing for a Corporation of Foreign Security Holders with a directorate of six to be named by the Federal Trade Commission. The President supported this. There was a lot of chatter from Washington about the new set-up that the New Deal would bring into the more or less tainted atmosphere of foreign financing. This was another case where the protecting arm of the President, who had only just uttered his challenge that the money changers must be driven from the temple, would shield the forgotten man.

At the time I was interested in this plan, approved it and became anxious about its personnel. But I soon became

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aware that, while broad, brave words of liberal and paternal solicitude for the rooked investor were emanating from the chambers of the New Deal, something was holding up this new organization. And then one day the White House announced that this law would not be put into effect, but that an organization would be formed outside the statute. It would be "entirely independent of any special private interests; it is to have no connection of any kind with the investment-banking houses which originally issued the loan."

As this was the New Deal, what would you expect this to mean? What sort of men would you suppose would be named or recognized by the President—the President who had just got through flaying the money changers? The public as a whole was paying little attention to the details of all this—it was merely aware that a great fatherly, friendly mind was at work in its interest.

If you will look at the first report of this Foreign Bondholders' Council for 1934 you will find as founders:

Andrew Mellon.

Granville Clark, of Root, Clark, Buckner, etc., attorneys for Dillon, Read and Company.

Hendon Chubb, a director of the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company, one of the participants in the J. P. Morgan and Company preferred lists.

Henry L. Stimson, Hoover's Secretary of State and now, as always, a Wall Street lawyer.

Thomas D. Thacher, also a Wall Street lawyer.

Frank O. Lowden, former president of the Pullman Company.

Alanson B. Houghton, Hoover's Ambassador to Germany.

Here was a group such as Coolidge in his worst days might have recognized.

The executive vice-president and secretary now is Mr. Francis White. I do not question Mr. White's honesty. But Mr. White was an Assistant Secretary of State in Coolidge's day, and permitted some of those appalling Bolivian bonds which Senator Johnson investigated. Mr. White, like others of the group, was too close to the people, the little groups, who formed the moving spirits of the world out of which these bonds were born, to be made the executive officer of this organization. One might also say, for instance, that Mr. Charles Francis Adams, former Secretary of the Navy, of course an honorable gentleman, was also too closely connected with the people who sold bad merchandise to the American investor. Mr. Adams' daughter is married to Mr. J. P. Morgan's son, Henry.

It was thus, as early as 1933, that Mr. Roosevelt's forays into the field of finance had a way of terminating in a manner quite satisfactory to the men he was denouncing. It was only a short time after this that he brought Earle Bailie into the Treasury as treasury adviser—Earle Bailie, of Seligman and Company, which had sold some of the worst of the South American bonds.

Why did he do these things? Well, the explanation is that he looked with a light mind upon all this business; he was having a gay time uttering bold challenges to the money power. But I got the feeling that he really didn't mean it and that he would never do much about it. Shortly after I saw him giving his blessing to the dental work on the Securities and Exchange Act. I recall it now as one of a multitude of similar instances in a strange and confused career.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Bandwagon

State Democratic Chairman Francis W. Poulson disclosed today that state employees who failed to support Governor Martin L. Davey in the May 12 primary would be discharged for disloyalty.

"That's usual, you know," Poulson said.

Poulson declared a careful check-up was being made on non-civil-service workers and that those who for any reason failed the Governor would be removed.

"This is not a reprisal," he insisted.—*From a news story in The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

In our international relations, we must love everybody.—*From General Hugh S. Johnson's column in The New York World-Telegram.*

1. I wish to emphasize again the importance of teaching our pupils the futility, horror and devastation of war and the blessings and benefits of peace.

2. Such instruction does not mean the teaching of pacifism or non-resistance or the giving up of any rights which we hold sacred.—*A circular to principals, superintendants and administrative offices of New York City public schools, issued by Superintendent Harold G. Campbell.*

It indeed is a sad state of affairs when a supposedly reputable magazine uses an opprobrious epithet in referring to honest men who, at some personal risk, exercise their legal right to accept work, rather than lazily exist on a dole. A real news magazine might better have had something to report on what measures if any were taken by municipal and state authorities to preserve order, and to quell the lawless dupes of alien agitators who would like to collect tribute from American citizens for the right to work. —*Letter from D. W. Cragin, canceling his subscription to News-Week Magazine because it referred to strikebreakers in the seamen's strike as scabs.*

At this juncture Mr. Mencken remarked that "if some disease broke out among the cotton farmers of the South, it would be a great benefaction."—*Interview with Henry L. Mencken, in The Providence, R. I., Bulletin.*

Jim Farley Second

God is the wisest political boss.—*Robert W. Hudgens speaking at the Oxford Group national assembly in Stockbridge, Mass.*

Do Your Dogs Offend?

Every summer an increasing number of women come in to buy cologne for their pets. And they say even the sternest mastiffs are pleased because it makes them socially acceptable at all times. Dogs hate to be banished from company. So we've had an exclusive deodorizing cologne with a nice, clean woodsy scent brewed specially for them. Nothing sissy about it. As refreshing as a run under the sprinkler. A perfect week-end hostess gift. 4-ounce bottle $3.50.—*From a Bonwit Teller advertisement of its new creation, "Leash," in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address the Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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A COMMUNICATION

New Light on Bryan and War Policies

SIR: There is abroad in the country the impression that William Jennings Bryan, as Secretary of State, in August, 1914, openly took a stand against lending money to belligerents, on the ground that it would put powerful financial interests in the United States on the side of the debtors and make it difficult to maintain neutrality on the part of this country; and that Mr. Bryan held consistently to this view. Support for the impression is found in his message to J. P. Morgan and Company on August 15, 1914, and in his letter to Senator Stone on January 20, 1915. Collateral to this impression is another to the effect that Robert Lansing, as Counsellor, was responsible for inducing President Wilson to modify Mr. Bryan's general rule in such a manner as to permit "credits" to belligerents —the beginning of the financial entanglement of the United States in the fortunes of the belligerents which ended with America's entrance into the World War. This theory seems to make Mr. Bryan "the hero" of peace, and Mr. Lansing the author of our financial entanglements.

I should like to confess openly that I once accepted the impression as valid and helped to give currency to it, in my articles in The New Republic, later extended in my volume on "The Devil Theory of War." I based my conclusion on the transaction of October 23, 1914, which positively excepted credits to belligerents from Mr. Bryan's apparent ban on money lending. An agent of the National City Bank consulted with Mr. Lansing on the subject on that day. Mr. Lansing saw Mr. Wilson that night, gathered the impression that Mr. Wilson would not stand in the way of credits, and conveyed the impression to representatives of J. P. Morgan and Company and the National City Bank. This seemed to be the first formal approval of credits to the Allies.

Commenting on this transaction, I said: "Apparently he [Mr. Lansing] did not take up this vital issue with his chief, Secretary Bryan, but went behind the back of the State Department's head. . . . Why did he not take up the matter with Secretary Bryan? It involved a policy which the Secretary had been instrumental in establishing. There is no answer, at least at the moment."

Since I wrote those words, I have received evidence that I regard as unimpeachable on the point. This evidence places the whole transaction in a new light. It is still true that apparently Mr. Lansing did not take up the specific matter of October 23, 1914, with Mr. Bryan. In fact the probabilities are that he did not. Mr. Bryan seems to have been absent from Washington on that day, for other papers sent out from the State Department on that day were signed by Mr. Lansing as "Acting Secretary of State." During a good part of September and nearly all of October, Mr. Bryan was in the field making political speeches in connection with the congressional campaign. As Acting Secretary, Mr. Lansing was in charge. He handled the transaction of October 23, 1914, on his own account.

Nevertheless my statement that "apparently" Mr. Lansing went "behind the back" of the State Department's head carries wrong implications in the light of new evidence, and I regret having given any currency to that conception of the events in question. The truth of this matter seems to be that Mr. Bryan, after making his grand flourish against lending money to belligerents, reversed himself privately to interested parties, and then kept on giving the impression that the ban on loans still stood as his policy. What is the evidence for this view of the Great Commoner as "the exponent of peace"?

There is, first, the testimony of Mr. Vanderlip before the Senate Munitions Committee to the effect that Mr. Farnham of the National City Bank had conferred with Mr. Bryan and that Mr. Bryan had in substance reversed his policy of August in respect of credits at least. But Mr. Vanderlip's statement was not precise as to time and circumstances. So I asked myself these questions: If this reversal occurred before October 23, 1914, when Mr. Lansing acted in the matter, why was the second approach made to Mr. Lansing on October 23? If this reversal by Mr. Bryan occurred after October 23, did the reversal merely confirm Mr. Lansing's action?

On these points I now have positive information from Mr. Maurice Léon, of New York City, who acted "as representative of the French government for the negotiation of the one-year, ten-million-dollar credit of the National City Bank of November 4, 1914." The information is as follows:

1. Late in September, 1914, "Ambassador Jusserand presented France's case to Mr. Bryan and gained from the latter the impression that he would reconsider his attitude."

2. On October 5, 1914, Ambassador Jusserand, in the presence of Mr. Léon, informed Mr. Vanderlip, president, and Mr. McRoberts, vice-president, of the National City Bank, of his conversation with Mr. Bryan, and gave them to understand that, in his belief, the government would not object to the proposed credit to France.

3. The National City Bank then made inquiry of Mr. Bryan and was advised orally that the transaction had his approval. On October 18, 1914, Ambassador Jusserand advised Mr. Léon that he regarded the position of the Department of State as established beyond recall so far as any objection to the proposed transaction was concerned.

4. Mr. Lansing's conference with President Wilson on October 23, 1914, merely confirmed Mr. Bryan's reversal or clarification of policy made some time previously.

5. Responsibility for easing the ban on credits belongs to Mr. Bryan. Mr. Lansing did not "go behind his back" on October 23, 1914. He merely sought President Wilson's approval of the reversal or clarification already made by the Secretary of State himself.

In a letter to me, Mr. Léon describes the situation, with great perspicacity, as follows:

> Please bear in mind that Secretary Bryan was in a delicate position. He had taken an unconditional stand in his telegram to J. P. Morgan and Company, of August 15. He did not wish to be personally embarrassed by his change of position. To Mr. Farnham he expressed the wish that no advertisements of the forthcoming issue of French Treasury bonds be published in the press and he was assured that none would be. Obviously, he did not care to have it generally known that the real reason for his change of position

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was that Ambassador Jusserand had convinced him that the stand he had taken in the telegram of August 15, 1914, was untenable both legally and practically.

Everything that could be done to avoid embarrassment for Secretary Bryan in the matter was done by all concerned. This explains why the written record is as you found it to be. . . . Neither the French government nor the National City Bank, manifestly, would have taken the remotest risk of going behind the back of Secretary Bryan. They did not do so. . . . I hope that with these additional explanations you will see that, in view of the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Bryan's statement that it would be all right to proceed with the transaction so far as the State Department was concerned was given orally and not in writing. Diplomacy, as you surely realize, not infrequently functions that way.

On the basis of these new facts, furnished by Mr. Léon, who was an active participant in the transaction, I must conclude that Mr. Lansing did not "go behind Mr. Bryan's back," and that I did him an injustice by assuming, from the printed record, that he "apparently" acted without Mr. Bryan's approval. I wish to make this statement as emphatically and as unequivocally as I can, and to express regret that I did not have Mr. Léon's data in my hand when I drew my inference from printed materials.

An equally important conclusion also emerges. Secretary Bryan himself reversed the unconditional stand taken in his telegram to J. P. Morgan and Company. He did this late in September and early in October, 1914. Yet in writing a letter to Senator Stone, January 20, 1915, Mr. Bryan refused to allow Mr. Lansing to distinguish between "general loans" and "credit loans," and insisted upon repeating the sweeping declaration of August, 1914. The question, then, seems to be: What shall we think of Mr. Bryan, in the light of these disclosures made after the adjournment of the Senate Munitions Committee meetings? Verily, writing history is a dangerous trade.

Washington. CHARLES A. BEARD.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Tie-up with the Black Legion

SIR: The following story ties up so thoroughly with the Black Legion case that it may have added interest. . . .

On the evening of April 18 we attended an "evangelistic" meeting at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Sparta to hear "The Truth about Russia," at the behest of a relative. These services to save souls had been going on for about two weeks. The "evangelist" was George Dewey Blomgren. . . .

I cite only one of the numerous atrocity stories he told:

"A group of Russian cavalry out for a lark on a free day conceived the playful little idea of descending upon a peaceful Russian village of 600 inhabitants and slaying the entire population with swords. In one large family a little girl was overlooked, and later found wailing in pools of blood with her mother's severed head upon her lap, surrounded by the bleeding corpses of her small brothers and sisters. The soldiers set fire to the house and remained until the child's cries ceased."

Many children were present, and I watched the face of one fine-looking little fellow. Such an expression of horror and distress came over his face as he turned imploringly from one parent to the other. But his parents were too much interested in the story of Christian love and good will coming from the pulpit to notice.

The speaker talked of the dangers of free speech—taken advantage of to knife religion in the back. He spoke in glowing terms of the capitalist system and asked what the world would be like without it. He said that we are traitors to men like Ford when we complain about him and yet buy his cars and gladly accept the million jobs he so beneficently deals out.

We returned the next afternoon (Sunday). We were trying to discover who was backing this man—Hearst, Liberty League, Silver Shirts, or what have you. The speaker informed us that a Socialist is a Democrat with his brains knocked out and a Communist one with his heart taken out, that they were Siamese twins and one could not be killed without the other, and he was trying to get rid of both. The pictures the next evening were his "grand finale" showing starvation in Russia. He tried to give the impression that he had taken these "pictures shown in 100 newspapers." You know whose papers they were, of course.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is one of the "Uncrowned Kings of Europe," whatever that may be. This group, the speaker said, was responsible for the Civil War in this country and hired the assassin of Lincoln. He twice interrupted his talk to boast of the presence in the audience of "the wife of the well known Grand Rapids surgeon, Mrs. ——." We at once concluded that the Silver Shirts were backing this man, as Mrs. —— is known to be the leader of that organization in Grand Rapids. . . .

Marne, Mich. MABEL HACKETT.

The Riddle of Social Security

SIR: Professor Fairchild's review of Professors Douglas' and Burns's books on the Social Security Act in your issue of May 27 corroborates the fear which many of us have had, *viz.*, that it is almost impossible to expect even intelligent people to understand the basic provisions of the omnibus and complicated Social Security Act. . . . Although the old-age-insurance plan represents the most important part of the Social Security Act, raising grave problems which are due to the fact that it is compulsory in nature, Professor Fairchild explains it as a plan "which is utilized or not according to the volitional act of every individual, and which is open to anyone who wishes to (and can afford to) become a participant." Professor Fairchild also fails to note the old-age-insurance system is entirely on a national basis and is not a plan "ingeniously contrived . . . to encourage and stimulate the separate states to make such provision on the basis of legislation of their own."

I am also puzzled where Professor Fairchild finds in Professor Douglas' book justification for his statement that Douglas' analysis "shows how many intricate points of theory and administration were considered by the framers, and how assiduous were the efforts to avoid technical irregularities and constitutional inconsistencies." On the contrary, Professor Douglas' book is full of indictment of the lack of consideration given these questions. To cite but a few of his statements: "Despite the merits of financing at least a portion of the costs of the social-security program in this fashion, the administration chose to reject it and to use instead the levy upon payrolls" (p. 67). Speaking of the original draft of the bill, Professor Douglas points out: "There was little or no logic in the sequence of topics covered and some of the language was ambiguous and, indeed, in places unintelligible" (p. 86). Referring to the debate on the bill in the House, Professor Douglas declares: "About a week's discussion was given to the bill upon the floor of the House, but this debate was unfortunately not on a very high level" (p. 108). Indeed, all through the book Professor Douglas points out how *little consideration* was given to the technical irregularities and the constitutional problems. It is a matter of record that no consideration at all was given by the framers of the Act to its administrative problems.

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Professor Fairchild also repeats the *nouveau Marxist* dogma that the elaborate and complicated devices of social insurance can only perpetuate the present competitive economy "instead of turning frankly and cheerfully to a rationally collectivized system." It is cheering to note that Professor Fairchild believes the latter society easier to attain. It may be interesting to point out, however, that social insurance is recognized everywhere today as a device that is best adapted to the problems raised by an industrial society regardless of its social control. Collectivized Russia, capitalist England and Nazi Germany employ the same social-insurance method.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN, Executive Secretary,
American Association for Social Security, Inc.

New York City.

SIR: Space limitations prevented me from achieving the accurate completeness of detail that a review ought to present. I attempted to give the general reader a bird's-eye view of the Act as a whole. I was in error about the voluntary character of the old-age-insurance plan, and tender my apologies to all concerned. The next statement that Mr. Epstein criticizes was intended as a general characterization of the Act as a whole, and as such is accurate; I did not feel justified in taking the space to explain exceptions.

I know, of course, that Professor Douglas is critical, but nevertheless his own exposition does show that much time was spent in considering details of the Act, and that the question of constitutionality was seriously considered. Dozens of quotations might be given to illustrate this, but Mr. Epstein's own citations are sufficient. What they indicate is not that ample consideration was not given, but that Mr. Douglas disagrees with the conclusions.

As for the general trend and consequences of this kind of legislation, that is obviously a matter of individual judgment and opinion, and I cannot in this connection undertake to support my own convictions, which are not changed by Mr. Epstein's letter.

New York City. HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Thalheimer's "Dialectical Materialism"

SIR: Mr. Norbert Guterman's review of the English translation of August Thalheimer's "Introduction to Dialectical Materialism," which appeared in the May 27 issue of The New Republic, relates to a book which, before Hitler's coming to power, sold thousands and thousands of copies in the German Communist movement. It was a great literary force in sucessfully introducing German workers to the philosophical system of dialectical materialism, the Marxist world-view. Now, of course, its sale, distribution, and even its perusal is banned in Germany.

The book consists of lectures delivered by Thalheimer at the Sun Yat-Sen University, Moscow, in the spring of 1927, during the high tide of the Chinese revolution, to an audience of Chinese students and workers being trained for Marxist leadership. It has also been translated into several other languages and has an international reputation as the best introductory text on the subject. I do not think that Mr. Guterman's review did any kind of justice to the book.

New York City. GEORGE SIMPSON.

A Tribute to Sigmund Freud

SIR: The eightieth birthday of Sigmund Freud gives us the welcome opportunity of offering our congratulations and homage to the Master whose discoveries have opened up the way to a new and profounder understanding of mankind. He has made eminent contributions to medicine, psychology, philosophy and art, and has been for two generations the pioneer in exploring the hitherto unknown regions of the mind. Intellectually independent, *"ein Mann mit erzenem Blick"*—as Nietzsche said of Schopenhauer—able to stand alone and draw to himself disciples, he followed his chosen path and advanced truths, which just because they uncovered what was hidden and illuminated what was obscure, seemed dangerous and alarming. Everywhere he put forward new problems and changed old standards. The results of his work have extended the field of research, and the stimulus he gave to creative thought made even his opponents his debtors. Future ages may reconstruct or limit this or that conclusion, but his questions will never be silenced nor his achievements permanently obscured. The ideas he formulated and the terms he coined have become part of our daily life, and in every field of knowledge, in literature, art, research, history of religion, prehistory, mythology, folklore, pedagogy and, last but not least, in poetry, we can trace his influence. The most memorable achievement of our generation will be, beyond doubt, the psychological achievement of Sigmund Freud.

We cannot picture the intellectual world today without his work, and we rejoice in his presence among us and in his unabated activity. May our gratitude accompany his days.

THOMAS MANN, ROMAIN ROLLAND, JULES ROMAINS,
H. G. WELLS, VIRGINIA WOOLF, STEFAN ZWEIG.

London, England.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners informs us that eighteen Negro and white workers were arrested in a raid on a private home in Atlanta, Georgia, and charged under the "insurrection" law. This law, the one under which Angelo Herndon received a sentence of eighteen to twenty years on a chain gang after a jury recommendation of mercy, dates back to pre-Civil War days and carries the death penalty. The case against these prisoners rests on their possession of Communist literature, although the material in question passes freely through the United States mails. . . . Max Salzman, the Communist Party organizer for the state of Kansas and Kansas City, sends us a copy of his letter to Governor Landon, in which he asks the Governor to investigate his kidnaping at Topeka by men he believes were members of the State Highway Patrol. He was hit over the head and driven out of town, his papers were stolen, and he was threatened with death if he returned.

Francine B. Bradley has sent us a copy of the letter of the Committee for the Release of Jacques Roumain to Monsieur Albert Blanchet, Haitian Minister at Washington, D. C., in which they inquire as to the causes of the recent death of Joseph Jolibois *fils*, the Haitian patriot who died in prison on May 13, and plead for the release of the political prisoners Jacques Roumain, Georges Petit and Saturnin Francois, who have been imprisoned since August, 1934.

Valerie Rose Doob writes us that our recent editorial comment on the past conservatism of the medical profession was "lacking in considered thought. . . ." She declares that the profession maintains a "scrupulously scientific approach," and she approves its resistance to socialized medicine. . . . Another letter, from B. G. Lipton, M.D., says that conservatism is better than faddism and that the wide charity carried on by the profession shows that it is not deterred from the socialization of medicine by mercenary motives.

William E. Bohn, secretary of the Tamiment Economic and Social Institute, writes us that their Labor Conference will be held at Tamiment, Pennsylvania, from June 25 to 28. Three of the six sessions will deal with the Supreme Court and the federal Constitution, and the last with labor's allegiance in the coming campaign. Among the speakers will be John T. Flynn, chairman, Senator Rush D. Holt, William Green, Louis Waldman and Jasper McLevy.

What's on the Air?

The Republican National Convention, starting Tuesday, June 9, is broadcast intermittently by both major networks.

The solar eclipse in Siberia is discussed by Dr. Donald Menzel, of the Harvard Expedition, and others, in a broadcast from Siberia and Harvard. Sunday, June 14, 3:30 to 3:45 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Dr. Menzel and scientists from Georgetown University and the National Geographic Society describe this eclipse. Thursday, June 18, 11:35 to 11:55 P.M., N.B.C.-W.J.Z.

Secretary Ickes speaks at the beginning of the new Federal Works Project of building in Harlem. Saturday, June 20, 11 to 11:30 A.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Premier Mussolini speaks from Italy. Sunday, June 21, 3:30 to 3:45 P.M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

N.B.C. commences broadcasting the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention from Philadelphia. Tuesday, June 23, 12 noon.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Important Variety

GREAT as the admiration may be that Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt receive, there is one point which needs to be stressed and on which they are not admired enough. This is the variety of impersonation that they have practised and the importance of such a practice in our theatre.

It is, of course, obvious that in any role the actor remains himself. To say that he does not act the character, he *is* the character, may be meant for a compliment; but in so far as it is complimentary it implies not that we are deceived by what we see but are swept out of ourselves by the actor's persuasion. Acting does, however, take two directions so far as the actor's person and self are concerned. In one of these directions he intends a largely subjective portrayal; which is to say he changes very little his outer aspect, the mask, voice, manner, et cetera, but passes from role to role using, as it were, what he plainly is, without relying on externals, mimicry, wigs, actual resemblances. This sounds very deep and handsome in him, no doubt; and so it may be, provided his quality and soul and idea are deep and handsome. The danger it runs is that it depends heavily on the actor's personal quality and features. On that account the variety of roles he can play satisfactorily may be limited. How far limited will depend on his power to make us accept whatever portrayal he chooses to give. For example, to take an extreme but actual case, when an actress does a Roman matron with the same hair bob that she uses in a modern domestic drama, there is no question of right and wrong as art. But there is a question of whether her persuasion is such as to make us receive in her own terms, regardless of historical detail, what she wishes to convey.

The danger of the other approach, or method, is that it may rely too greatly on sheer externals, a mere wig, or make-up or tricks and copying from life. In this method the actor shifts his outer mask to fit the case. Outwardly he impersonates the role in a more literal sense, though his conception of it may be as deep as any. It is not so much that such playing is deeper or less deep, as that it does employ a greater detail from the visible world of men and women around us, giving us not only the player's inner meaning and truth but also the delights of verisimilitude, observation and mimicry. People who despise the gift of mimicry are wrong. Mimicry is not a test of the actor as artist, but it is an excellent test of the artist as actor.

The roles possible within such a method will—as in all kinds of acting—depend for content and significance on what the actor has in him; but for range and number they will depend only on the variety of pictures he can, and will, turn himself into.

As anybody can see, one of the weak spots in acting at present is the absence of training and skill in the actors and their reliance on the merely personal. When an actor is a remarkable being, whatever he does on the stage has at least a chance of being remarkable. But I confess I am tired of seeing mediocrities—or even mere personalities and little else—giving us, unrelieved, their everlasting selves in role after role. I should like more profound conception and comment on the part played, or some entertaining resemblance or copy taken from life, or both. We have more than one Broadway actress whom it would be a good thing to put a red wig on and hand a mop to, with orders to do a charwoman, or give us some performance where we are at least reminded of something besides herself—shall we say, in addition to herself? If she does not feel natural that way, there is always the question as to whether or not we are interested in her being natural.

At this point the Lunts must come into the discussion. They have done plenty of straight parts. Mr. Lunt, for instance, was never better than as the artist in "The Doctor's Dilemma," never more intuitive, never more careful of outer details. Miss Fontanne was admirable in that same play, or in those early scenes of "Strange Interlude" where the writing comes off. And never was she more secure, tender and magnetic than as the wife in "Reunion in Vienna." On the other hand, look at the bootlegger in "Ned McCobb's Daughter," at Petruchio, and, supreme among the many other such transformations, at Mr. Lunt's playing of the bestial manservant in "Point Valaine," a magnificent performance. Or take Miss Fontanne in what she is willing to do to herself as Katherine the shrew, that wig for example, so highly correct and perilous, or as Princess Lizzy, that marvelous Cockney performance, in "Out There," or as Mrs. Beam's Creole lodger. She would swell herself out, pull herself in, pad or wither her cheeks, limp, smudge, or anything else so long as the part came true and the play was truly maintained. One cannot imagine a friend begging her not to do this or that because you won't seem you, Lynn, any more than we need wonder what parts there will be for her some day when she is old. There are, too, Queen Elizabeth, and the "Point Valaine" hotel mistress. There are "Clarence" and "The Guardsman," acting ventures, robust, technical, far-sighted.

This attitude, this willingness to play all sorts of roles with corresponding impersonation and mimicry, is not, as I have implied, necessarily a proof either of a good or of a bad player. But it is an aspect of stage art that the Lunts have done more truly to illustrate than any other of our actors, and it is an important aspect. In the art of acting it is health-giving; it works against a certain fixed approach of monotonous egotism, of an immediate and personal exhibition. It allows the spice of objectivity, more copies and more wit among the world's images. It exemplifies the original meaning of the Latin phrase *dramatis personae:* the list of masks to be worn in the show. Though it is not necessarily more inner satisfaction for the actor himself, it can easily be as much, and certainly it is apt to be more fun for him. And for the theatregoer the memory of the one player in the many different shapes and characters is a major delight—now that's what he calls acting! Hence the special shine in people's eyes sometimes when they speak of the Lunts.

Apart from the qualities they may share with some of our other leading players, this variety of impersonation that Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne have challenged and obliged is one of the happiest and most successful contributions that are being made to the theatre. On a more lasting side of the theatre art, its tendency is even more important. It serves to remind us that the theatre is not a ready-to-hand matter of personalities, however interesting or skillful; through the years the play and not the actor is what lives. To serve the play!

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Rebirth of Tragedy

AFTER all the arguments about "Days of Wrath,"[1] my first impression on reading it was one of mild disappointment. It is the story of Kassner, a Communist Party official who deliberately walks into a Nazi trap because there is no other way of finding and destroying a list of names that might incriminate his comrades. At the police station he is horribly beaten and thrown into a dark cell. There, in total solitude, he is saved from insanity or suicide by the prisoner on the other side of the wall, who taps out a message of brotherhood before the guards overhear him and beat him insensible. The hero is released soon afterwards—he has never admitted his identity and another Communist, claiming to be Kassner, has died in his place in order to save him for the Party. The real Kassner is flown to Prague through a storm in which his plane is nearly wrecked. He rejoins his wife and child and spends a season of desperate peace before going back to the Germany where he will some day be identified and killed. . . . That is the outline of the story, and Malraux adds very little in the way of characters or background. At first glance this hardly seems a book designed for those who are expecting the richness and complexity of "Man's Fate."

Neither is it a book for those who want a documentary account of life in German prisons. Several narratives of this type have been published, and Malraux has drawn on them for details that could not be supplied from his own experience. In particular he has borrowed from Karl Billinger's "Fatherland," as is clear from the first three pages of his story. Kassner in the police station overhears a conversation in which a Communist uses almost exactly the same words to the examining magistrate that Billinger reports himself as using. It could scarcely be a question of plagiarism, since Malraux might easily have invented a dozen other conversations. I should rather assume that he is acknowledging his debt in this indirect fashion—that he is saying to Billinger, in effect, "My hero was examined in the same police station, and there he heard what you said to the Nazi official." In any case, Malraux is justified in taking his material where he finds it, since he is approaching it here and elsewhere from an entirely different angle. Instead of reporting things that actually happened, he is bringing together all the stories of life in Nazi prisons and is trying to distill out of them their proper essence, their ultimate tragedy.

And perhaps this purpose, half-revealed in his Preface, explains the partial failure of his novel. "The world of a work like this, the world of tragedy," he says, ". . . reduces itself to two characters, the hero and his sense of life." But these two characters, being really one, are not enough to reveal the hero in his basic loyalties and antagonisms. There are some ways in which a book like "Fatherland" is not only a valuable document but also a more satisfying work of art than "Days of Wrath": it makes cruelty and heroism more convincing by portraying them in everyday life, instead of confining them to a cell where the hero struggles against the fleshless powers of darkness; it is peopled with jailers and prisoners instead of ghosts. I sometimes feel that there is a danger to artists in the whole process of condensing and distilling emotions into what might be called their essential alcohols. The taste of liquors is a result of their chemical impurities, and the same is often true of pictures and poems and novels. Malraux, in attempting to write a "pure" tragedy, has written a book that is almost bodyless.

Yet the novel, as one thinks back on it, becomes important in spite of its faults and seems to foreshadow a type of literature that ought to play a great part in the years directly ahead of us. Malraux has discovered—or let us rather say that he has recovered from the past—a more fruitful conception of the individual. For two centuries men of literature and men touched with the literary imagination have been trying more and more desperately and unsuccessfully to assert their personalities. Waldo Frank, in an able Foreword to the present volume, describes this process as "the failure of what Spengler calls the Faustian man . . . the separatistic individual, the anarchic false 'atom.'" Malraux himself, in the Preface, speaks of "an unformulated individualism . . . which sprang less from the will to create a man whole than from a fanatical desire to be different." And Malraux can discuss this desire with authority, because the truth is that he has shared in it—he explored the Cambodian jungle, he fought in the Chinese revolution, he flew an airplane over the Arabian desert, chiefly, I should judge, in the search for dangers that would dignify and personalize his own experience. He was a literary adventurer in the tradition of Arthur Rimbaud. But as the years passed, he continued his travels with a second motive: they had now become a headlong flight from the sense of loneliness, of utter isolation, that is the curse of men in a late-bourgeois society. The pursuit of danger, the escape from solitude: these are two motives revealed by most of the characters in his earlier novels. But it happens that both these motives led the author among the revolutionists, where the danger was greatest and where the fear of solitude finally disappeared in "that absolute friendship, without reticence," which appears in the presence of death. In this new environment he recovered a truth going back to the New Testament and continually forgotten: that whoever loses his life shall find it. And he has applied this truth to his new novel, where the hero is a man who has achieved personal dignity by sacrificing all his personal ambitions to a common cause.

But Malraux among the Communists found something more than a new conception of the individual. He also found new material, a tremendous store of heroism and death and sacrifice that the Communists themselves had been describing only in technical bulletins and in appeals too woodenly written to convince people not convinced already. He found struggles, intrigues, problems of leadership that had been completely neglected in proletarian novels (most of which had been dealing unadventurously with the steps by which unenlightened workers became a shade less unenlightened when they went out on strike). He found a sense of comradeship, of "virile fraternity," existing in the revolutionary movement throughout the world, and he made it the theme of his novels.

Among Western writers he was the first to celebrate the courage of those Chinese millions who died obscurely for the revolution (he said, "It is for these dead that I write").

[1] Days of Wrath, by André Malraux. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. New York: Random House. $1.75.

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Among French novelists, he was the first to record the heroism of the German comrades thrown into concentration camps and beaten to death with rawhide whips soaked in brine. If he had been given the energy of six men, he might have treated a dozen themes of like nature—the suppression of the Bulgarian revolution, the defeat and triumph of the Asturian miners, the last stand of the Socialists in Vienna; during the last twenty years there have been literally millions of unknown heroes who have fought and died as bravely as the Spartans at Thermopylae, and for a cause that did them no less honor. Malraux has been almost the first writer to discover that we are living, not in a dull, impotent and hopeless age, but rather in an age of heroism and tragedy. Here lies his importance and that of any book he writes, even when it is a short novel too bare of character and conflict to convey the emotion that lies behind it.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

On Rereading Veblen

What Veblen Taught: Selections from the Writings of Thorstein Veblen, edited by Wesley Clair Mitchell. New York: The Viking Press. 550 pages. $3.

TO THE increasing number of those who are interested in Veblen but are not likely to make cults out of their enthusiasms, Dr. Mitchell's well chosen selections from his writings is a genuine boon. It does not give the whole Veblen but it provides more than enough to make his famous phrases and striking antitheses intelligible. And what is more important, it illustrates a method of analysis, difficult to describe in terms of the conventional classification of "social science," to whose insidious plausibility the reader succumbs even when he must modify the conclusions Veblen reaches.

A contemporary student coming upon Veblen for the first time will probably sense more clearly than Veblen's own academic contemporaries, to most of whom he was an interesting oddity, that Veblen was primarily an anthropologist among economists. The impression of disillusioned and artful urbanity given by his writings is the natural result of a straining for accuracy in describing economic institutions as "widespread social habits." His reports about these social habits, their origins, development and accompanying verbal rituals, are as depersonalized as the account of a trained anthropologist investigating a primitive community. That he was able to sustain this high level of objectivity was due in part to his having outgrown the culture in which he had been reared, and in part to the accidents of his career. But the influence of his intellectual dissatisfaction with reigning economic theories that were palpably inadequate to explain empirical phenomena should not be overlooked. It is not surprising, therefore, that Veblen, like the best of modern anthropologists, should have adopted a functional and historical approach to social behavior.

The most notable of Veblen's conclusions are in the nature of fruitful insights rather than truths capable of quantitative demonstration. The implicit philosophy of history underlying his analysis of all social behavior is that the trend of civilization is determined by the conflict between the life-affirming institutional activities, which cluster round technology and the processes involved in production, and the negative institutions of war, slavery and accumulation of wealth, which throw productive activities out of gear and corrupt the sources of healthy life. The specific expression of this conflict in existing society is the antithesis between "the machine process" and "business enterprise." Left to itself to fulfill the needs and ends of production, the machine process would be self-regulating; but business enterprise cuts across the natural rhythm of the machine process, subverts it to personal gain, and defends this personal gain. Preoccupation with the machine process tends to make man sensitive to causal connections and to the possibilities inherent in the rational control of social life; but business enterprise gives rise to a parvenu leisure class whose only vital traditions are drawn from the chances and gambles of business, whose mode of life is characterized by vulgar ostentation and whose theoretical outlook is a mixture of idealism, animism and compensatory religion.

One may grant the existence of the conflict which Veblen elaborates at such length and still feel that he has not done sufficient justice to the *historic* interaction between these "positive" and "negative" social institutions. The sharpness of Veblen's contrast sometimes leads him to suggest that, in origin and effects, positive and negative forms of institutional behavior are diametrically opposed to each other. A deepening of Veblen's own historical approach would give more careful consideration to the functional role that negative institutional activity has played in the past. Many of the processes that Veblen regarded as "anti-social" and "contaminating" were an integral part of the social relations of production. Without them we cannot explain how a particular economy continues to function and how the social conditions are generated which lead to a change from one economy to another. Nor do industrial vocations necessarily produce a scientific mind set outside of the specific locale of employment, as Veblen himself admits backhandedly when he discusses nationalism. Except in revolutionary situations, the basic norms of behavior, judgment and valuation are pretty much the same for all groups in society. Veblen's overstress upon the impact of technology in social change, and on the key role of the technologists who will "engineer" a new social system into existence when their vocational activities are hampered by the "price system," can be traced to the assumption that politics is epiphenomenal, *i.e.*, is merely the wagging tail of the dog.

Theoretically, the most questionable of Veblen's antitheses is his fundamental contrast between impersonal thinking and animistic thinking, or between matter-of-fact thinking and speculative thinking. The difficulty is that Veblen defines matter-of-fact thinking in such a way that most theoretical analysis would be ruled out. For him, the task of the "scientific" thinker seems to be exhausted in the observation of factual correlations and temporal sequences. This exaltation of *the* fact, valid against arbitrary speculation, calls attention away from the controlling nature of hypotheses in scientific inquiry. Facts are important in so far as they tend to validate or invalidate theories; and the most influential theories in economics as in history have had a definite influence on standards of conduct. During and shortly after the War Veblen did not conceal the value judgments in his own critiques. When he defined the choice of economic science as consisting in an allegiance either to the state of the industrial arts or to the price system, the anthropologist became a moralist.

Some may conclude from the fact that Veblen has received the intellectual homage of many different schools of thought that his doctrines lacked clarity and consistency. But those who reread Veblen will realize that his aim was not to prove, but rather to sharpen our vision. We may do different things with what Veblen saw; but only those congenitally blind will fail to see better because of him.

SIDNEY HOOK.

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Hell in Paradise

Satan Came to Eden, by Dore Strauch, as told to Walter Brockmann. New York: Harper and Brothers. 286 pages. $3.

IN THE year 1929, the wife of another man and the husband of another woman left Germany together for the ultimate existence, which they proposed to hack out of Floreana Island, a small member of the Galapagos group. Dore Strauch, who tells the story, was the true disciple of Frederick Ritter, who was a true philosopher, combining the systems of Nietzsche and Lao Tse—and also that, if I may add it, of the Marx Brothers. By ordinary standards both were out-and-out cranks; but really they were of the loftiest principles. They could not embark on the happy pilgrimage if it were to make anyone else miserable, so they planned secretly that his wife (a concert singer) should become housekeeper to her husband (a rickety old schoolmaster), and doubtless that would work out into romance and happiness for both (which of course it didn't for a minute, but if you are a philosopher and can get away fast enough, how are you to know this as a first cause?).

Anyway, they took ship with nice clean consciences and in the deepest secrecy, which they kept up thereafter by going around munching vegetables, staying bareheaded in the tropic sun, proposing to sleep in tents rather than in the hotel. They got to their magic island and with heroic persistence (these soft Northern city people, the man past his prime, the woman sickly) entered their struggle with the terrible sun, the sharp lava rocks and dry poor soil and iron jungle growth, the insects, lack of equipment, desolation. And when after two years they had made a home and were free to ponder the low follies of human society, they were so proud of the first and eager for the second, that they invited up and babbled to any yachtsman putting in near their little hideaway. And so the papers at home got it and played it up as a feature scandal. And so the publicity brought several expeditions of *real* crackpots, who made night on the island hideous.

Why did they go through all this? They wanted to think and breathe freely, but elected a course where neither was possible and foolishness was mortally expensive. The answer is given by Dore Strauch: "The misery and hardships under which our vanquished country had labored since the War had filled many Germans . . . with a sense of hopelessness and need for radical renewal." By the standards of history, in fact, that whole ravaged nation was a fair madhouse then, the air thick with everything from perversion to nut-eating: the Ritters were comparatively quiet folk.

What kept these two going is another matter and has little to do with the case—it was simply the deep belief of both in Frederick's greatness, upholding him in the crazy demands he made, upholding her even through his lack of kindness and human response, making all his inconsistencies and bungles and childish egotism the inscrutable manifestations of godhead. The impression of him as superman is so strong upon her still that she can be quite honest and naïve about everything he did. And while for his greatness we have nothing but her constant flat statements, the various actions described, even in her deepest sympathy, are certainly those of a harsh, humorless man and pompous donkey, if nothing worse. He wouldn't eat meat because it meant killing animals, but deliberately killed an old nag with overwork in a few days (she had tried to liberate the horse: Fred was furious). When he heard of the eighty-chew method he went to work on it with such stern vigor that he ground his teeth down to stubs before he knew it, and had to have them all out. And the curtain line to all his furious vegetarianism is that he died in considerable agony after having eaten a spoonful of spoiled chicken soup.

But the story of this strange pair begins to get human and touching when the crazy baroness comes down with her cruel tempers and entourage of idiots (she needed lots of men simultaneously, and fixed it somehow so they would need her), sets herself up as empress of Floreana, spinning out intrigues like cobwebs and tangling up even herself, screaming and slandering and stealing people's mail and babies' milk, shooting lovers and mailing out hair-raisers to the scandal sheets—imagine the blow to the philosophical way. She put one lover in the mainland hospital (she was a great shot but brought him down by error, having been out to wing a different man) and humiliated another lover too far (slow poisoning, whippings, forced labor). The island had been a nightmare for over a year, and then finally one hot noon the Ritters heard a terrible scream and knew a week later that the love slave had murdered that incredible woman and the number-one lover, and was living on in their house. No one found the bodies and the Ritters were terrified of saying a word, so sinister had life become there, lest the whole business be laid to them. The last lover got clear in a boat eventually, but was wrecked in it and, together with its skipper, fried to death on the sand and rock of some tiny island.

And when these two were found and the rest of the rumors got about, then the papers really had a story. The story did little justice to the lofty motives of Frederick Ritter. So after his present death Dore Strauch pulled herself together and told all about it in a book—which I

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recommend to any who may be interested in what it is in man to do, to himself and to others; and in a record of facts that are fantastic beyond the wildest fancy. It is a book that somehow, after it passes through an interest leading to little more than irritation and incredulous jeers, takes on an interest having something more of pity for the ridiculous doom and respect for the twisted grandeur that rise out of its last chapters. OTIS FERGUSON.

Prairie Fire

Spring Storm, by Alvin Johnson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ONE OF the most apt things that has been said about "Spring Storm" appears, of all places, in the jacket blurb. "It isn't, mind you, the work of an expert novelist," says Mr. Knopf. "I am not proclaiming it a fictional masterpiece. . . ." This is a little gem of understatement. "Spring Storm" has nearly everything wrong with it that any serious novel could have—and still get published. Its characters start bleeding sawdust at the most unexpected moments. The passion from which the book gets its title is about as stormy as that in a ladies' magazine serial. More inaccurate American dialect has never been written outside a British novel. Pedantic tags and oil-stained ornaments mess up patches of good rugged writing. But in spite of all these faults, "Spring Storm" has an unusual quality which many a more skilled novelist strives for and fails to get into his books.

Once it has been read, the story sticks. It is a simple variation of the boy-meets-girl theme, and not much variation at that. Julian Howard is a youth on a Middle Western farm. His father is a mild, bookish old gent who has come into money in some way unexplained and has sunk most of it in this thousand-acre place. Julian exchanges work with Henry Millsbaugh, a swinish, whisky-sodden neighbor. The village toughs gang up on Julian and he is rescued by a Huck Finnish character named Little Dut, who introduces Julian to a colony of river-flat squatters. (These visits have a strong Dickensian flavor, somewhat like that of David Copperfield among the fisher folk, and even though I have never found life among poor whites nearly so idyllic, the friendship between Julian and Dut seems to me the most effective part of the book.) Chapter X labeled "Ishtar," followed directly by Chapter XI labeled "Farming Must Go On," tells of a magic night Julian spends in the fields with a pretty schoolteacher who has yielded, but not to the chivalrous boy. She drowns herself the next morning. Julian has scarcely recovered when Henry the neighbor brings home a mail-order bride, a sassy, pretty little minx who keeps the boy at his distance until they get together in the hayloft. They go after it hot and heavy until the husband gets wise, blackmails the boy at his faithless wife's instigation. Julian escapes to college.

There it is, and the book itself may seem almost as superficial as this outline. I kept thinking as I read it of what Willa Cather, before she went off the deep end, might have done with such a story. But over a period of weeks scenes from it kept cropping up in my memory and they were as warm and vivid as if they had been, perhaps not my own experience, but those of a close friend who had told me all. Then I thought also of Mark Twain and of the sloppy incongruity of his writing and of how good his novels are in spite of that. It seems to me that Alvin Johnson's first novel has this much in common with some great books.

GEORGE MILBURN.

Blackmur as Critic

The Double Agent: Essays in Craft and Elucidation, by R. P. Blackmur. New York: Arrow Editions Press. 302 pages. $3.

WHEN YOU have read these twelve essays and have profited, as you will, by their extraordinary keenness and fertility, turn back to this sentence, which introduces a discussion of Marianne Moore's poems: "What we make is a fiction to school the urgency of reading; no more; for actually we must return to the verse itself in its own language and to that felt appreciation of it to which criticism affords only overt clues."

The measure of Blackmur's sensibility as a critic—with a hint of his occasional over-sobriety and concision of style—is in this remark, and it is a measure also of the costliness of his work. For these essays, especially the later ones, resemble "fictions" probably less than the work of any other critic now writing in English; they are distinguished by the utmost relevance—the utmost devotion—to the masterwork under consideration. This being true, that the writer could so define his work places him among the few thinkers of humane imagination who have become aware of what any writing actually is.

The one essay that seems seriously at fault in perception or method is the earliest: an appraisal of E. E. Cummings' poems published in 1930 in The Hound and Horn. Here Blackmur takes Cummings as the whipping boy for all unintelligible writers. The poems themselves, their special volatilities of fancy in hysteria, seem not to have been felt as a basis for criticism. This is clear if you compare the essay on Cummings with the one on Wallace Stevens, which begins and ends in masterly analysis.

The estimate of Ezra Pound as a "maker of great verse" is profound and basically right, but a little severe in emphasis. Had this essay been written after that on Eliot's later work, Blackmur might have credited Pound with remaining outside an "orthodoxy" of belief or sensibility, for the same reasons that he afterwards deprecated Eliot's adherence to it. How slight this deprecation is, and how beautifully discriminated, you will have to read the latter essay to find out. ROBERT FITZGERALD.

Mr. Cabell's Dead Dragons

Preface to the Past, by James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 317 pages. $2.50.

FEW WRITERS of our time have met with such varied outpourings of critical absurdity as has James Branch Cabell. Few writers have been so maddeningly "urbane," so self-consciously rebellious, so egocentrically absurd; but it would seem that however sportive one might be with the cherished unimportant sentiments of a piously complacent era, one's literary japes should be accepted or rejected as works of art and not as un-American heresy. Not so with Mr. Cabell's critics. To them "The Cords of Vanity" represented "the nauseating confessions of a cur"; "The High Place" an "impossible, sacrilegious, immoral and obscene work that could not too strongly be condemned." They were the blurb-and-rave artists of their day, when "Pollyanna" was making best-seller history, when no less a critic than John Wanamaker was honorary president of the Pollyanna Glad Club.

And in "Preface to the Past," so far as Mr. Cabell flays

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his critical maligners with his urbane deadly spoofing, he treads on still firm ground. The low estate of criticism is still a problem for most of us concerned with letters; and it is to us, of course, that this collection of notes and commentaries is addressed. As literary shop talk it is an engrossing memoir.

But when Mr. Cabell proceeds to generalize upon the historical significance of his times, he performs an autopsy on himself as well as his literary generation: he "tilts at dead dragons, rather dodderingly, in the beginning palsy of superannuation." Though in Smart Set days "the signal attempt of the twentieth century—to regard women as human beings," might have been a fairly "brilliant" observation, now it is only fatuous. Nor does it any longer seem even remotely true that "all creation is the result of boredom: that is the first tenet of all art and every known religion." Mr. Cabell contributed something once. For a time he was able to detect preposterous, anti-Victorian things that the more myopic of his contemporaries could not see; and he told them about it all in contrapuntal, "well-nigh impeccable" prose. But then the War came and after that the twenties and the Cult of Cleverness lost most of its validity. Unfortunately, Mr. Cabell continues to amuse himself with his "cosmic japes," and to believe that his "Biography" depicts, "in depicting the life of Manuel, the life of Man."

LEIGH WHITE.

Books in Brief

Those Fatal Generals, by E. V. Westrate. New York: Knight Publications. 302 pages. $3.

MR. WESTRATE, a student of American military history, became appalled by the needless butchery and murder in all our wars. His book tries to explain that record by proving the sheer stupidity and ineptitude of American generalship. By giving a piecemeal review of the main campaigns fought in our seven major wars, he produces plenty of evidence that brains and common sense were lacking in our military commanders. It is a bloody story, full of treason, cowardice, stubbornness, departmental politics and whitewash. Revolutionary War Generals John Sullivan, John Wilkinson and Horatio Gates; Civil War Generals Robert Patterson, John Pope, Brinton McClellan, Ambrose E. Burnside and George Armstrong Custer are dealt with very harshly. Singled out for praise are Generals George Washington, Philip Schuyler, Andrew Jackson, "Stonewall" Jackson, George Thomas, William T. Sherman, Robert E. Lee and John J. Pershing. Mr. Westrate has done a creditable job of military criticism with spirit and ability—an innovation in this country. But he also tries to cover too much territory, so that his book at times becomes a mere catalogue of tactical blunders, with the strategy of our military campaigns and the educational background of our generals completely ignored.

R. W.

The Ocean, by Paul Nizovoy. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Here is a fine combination of narrative and description; a book that brings its subject matter clearly before the reader's eyes and at no time allows him to lose interest. The setting is the White Sea area: on an entirely deserted strip of coast an anti-social seaman settles with his town wife and begins to fight for a livelihood and raise a family. While the seaman has but one aim, to fight a way for

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himself regardless of the outside world, his wife hates the enforced loneliness and is only resigned to it by her husband's will and the passing of the years. With their family it is otherwise. The more determined the father that his children shall stay in isolation and develop their lives apart from the mainland, the more stubborn do they become and, one by one, as they grow up, leave their home, openly or secretly, and chose a social life. The moral is obvious and is expressed very neatly, but those who prefer to ignore it will enjoy the book just as much. The descriptions of the changing seasons, of the sea-animals, of hunting and fishing, of the plague of lemmings and of general incidents in the lives of the developing family are most capably translated from the Russian and make very good reading. R. V.

Poems: 1914-34, by Herbert Read. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 168 pages. $2.50.

Mr. Read's verse is a legible record of literary fashions in London during the past twenty years. For the most part it is industrious craftsmanship. The author clings tenaciously to one mode of writing, then to another: in the "War Poems" there is a last homage to the Georgian manner, other poems are a fair example of Imagist technique, still others are ventures into Symbolism—no single poem is downright bad and "A Short Poem for Armistice Day" possesses genuine quality. Since that particular poem is of fairly recent date, one might feel justified in saying that Mr. Read's verse is painfully gathering a flavor of its own. Most of the other poems are interesting only for their workmanship. A phrase such as "a lily lust haunting the withered groins of crones is a phantom desperate to reason" discloses the excessive labor to which Mr. Read has pushed his talent. Stripped of its pretense, his best work seems to lie in the direction of satire. H. G.

Contributors

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES is the author of several books including two that were published this spring—"Hearst: Lord of San Simeon" (with Ernest Carlson) and "The Story of Congress—1789-1935."

FORREST DAVIS is a feature writer on the staff of The New York World-Telegram. His book, "Huey Long: A Candid Biography" was published last year by Dodge.

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GEORGE MILBURN, a native of Oklahoma and a former newspaper man in Tulsa, has written two volumes of short stories, "Oklahoma Town" and "No More Trumpets." His first novel, "Catalogue," will be published by Harcourt, Brace in September.

ROBERT FITZGERALD is the author of a volume of "Poems" which was recently published by Arrow Editions.

LEIGH WHITE is on the editorial staff of Tide Magazine. He is the author of a book about Mexico, "Miracles and Maize."

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Robert Wohlforth, Richard Vaughan and Horace Gregory.

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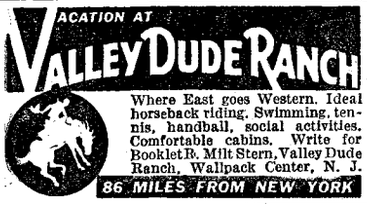
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